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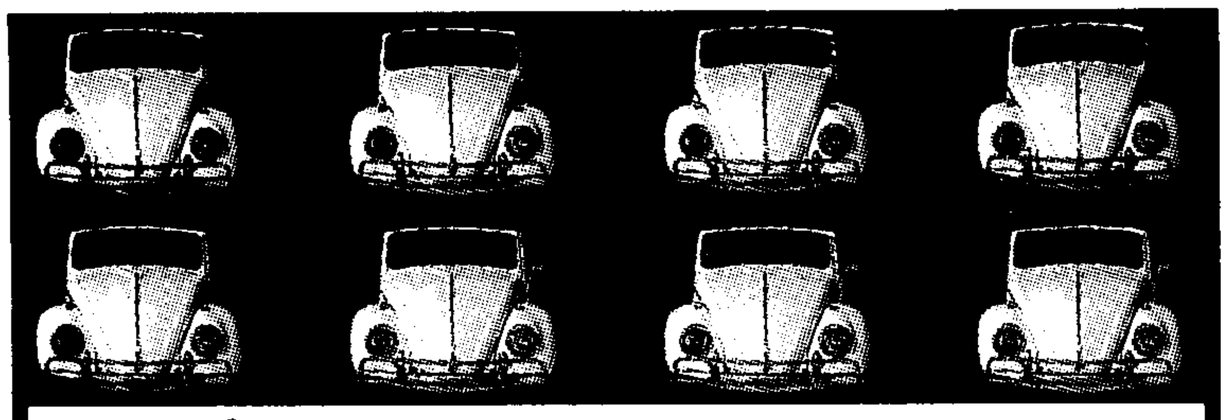

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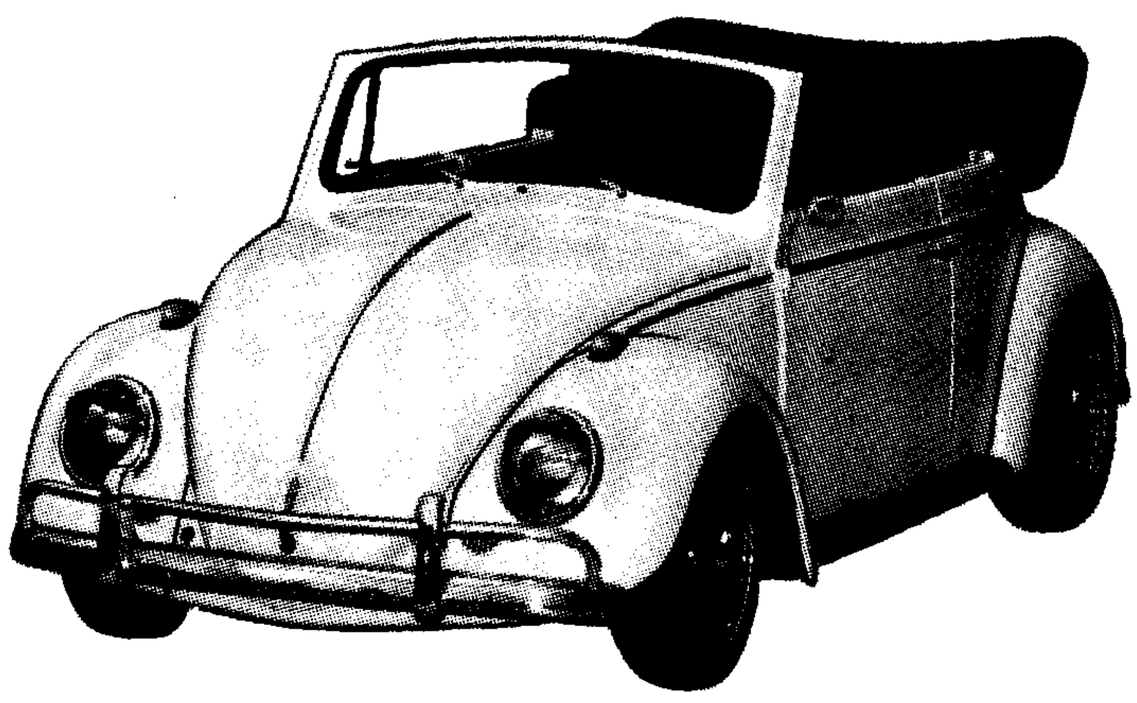

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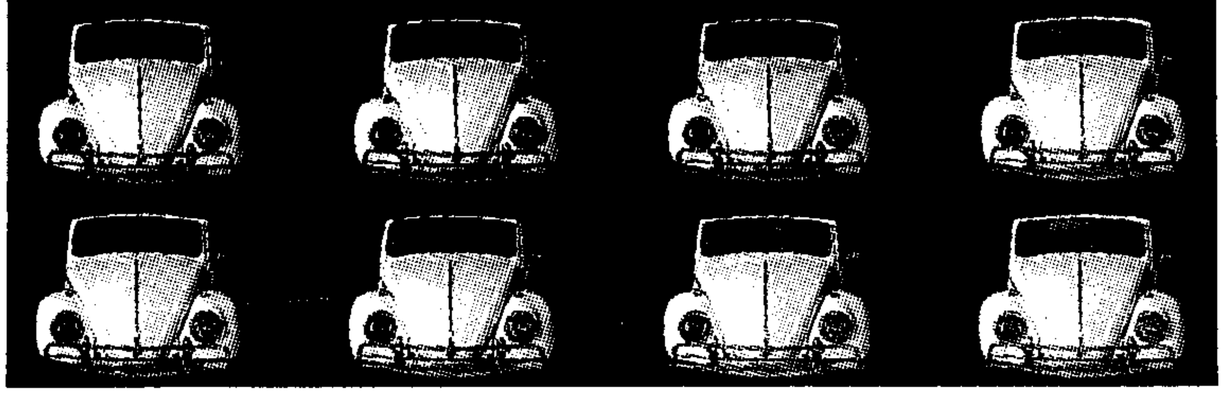

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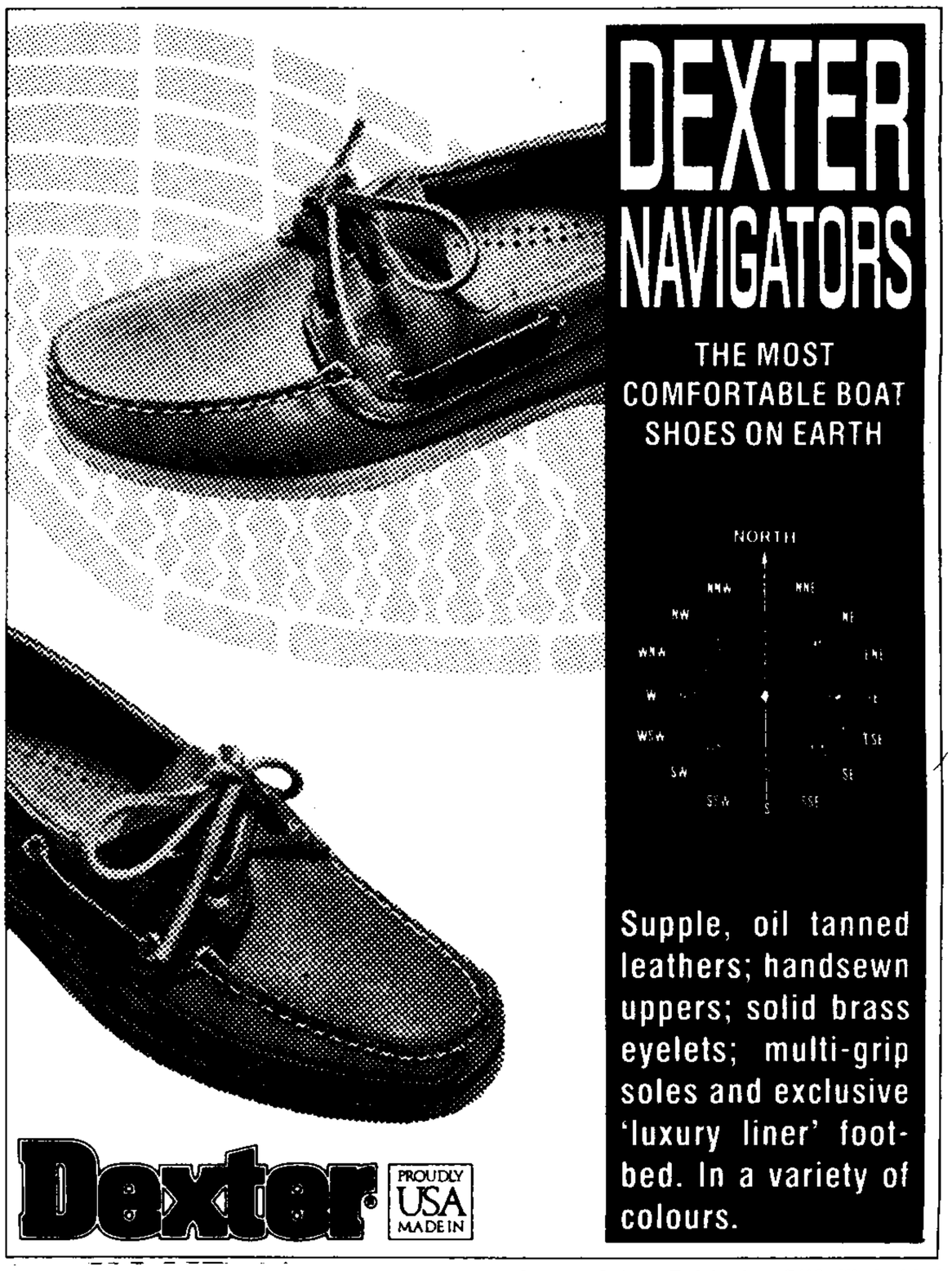
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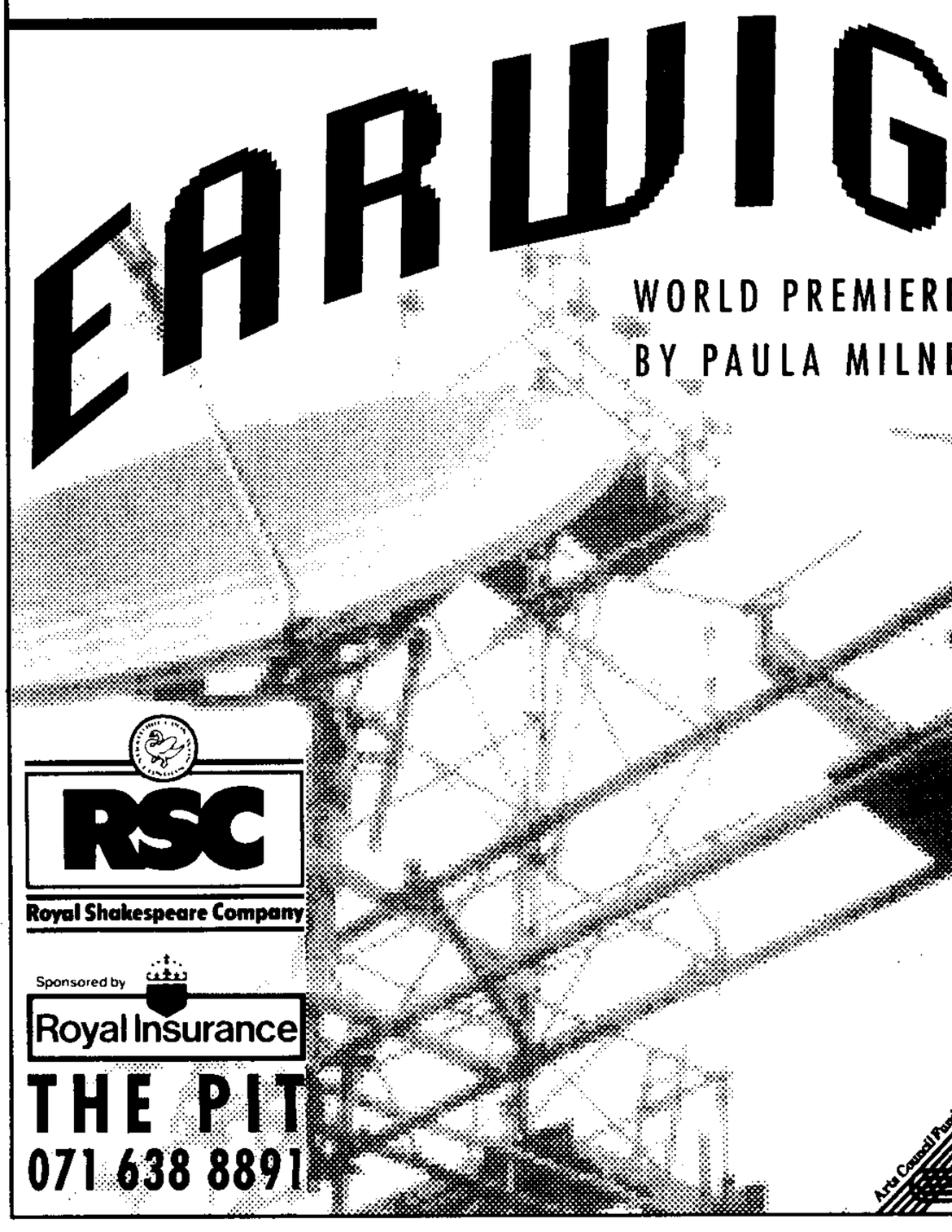

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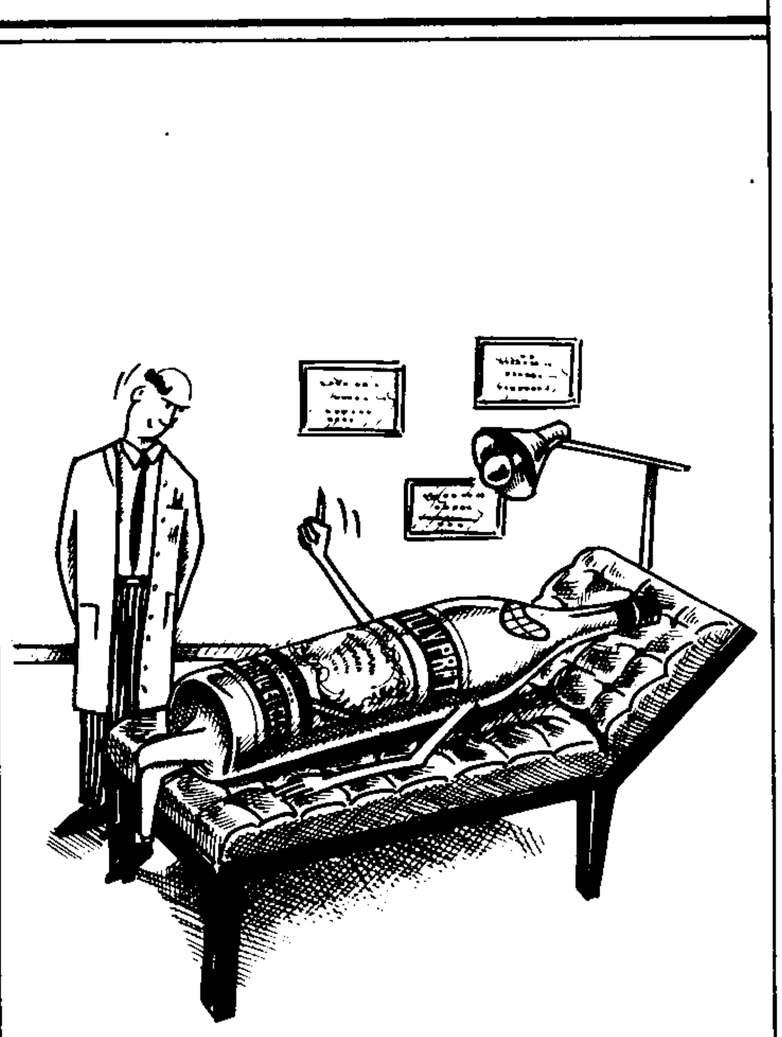

Yes, I repeated, I had always been a perfect aperitif and, yes, that was my name....

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YET again, I find that I am under attack over my record as a senior minister in Mrs Thatcher's government.

This time, my enemies are suggesting that I acted improperly in offering vast under-the-counter bribes to British Aerospace in order to make them buy Rover.

What is especially hurtful is that they are claiming that I did this not as an independent piece of ministerial chicanery, but at the express wish of the Prime Minister. How low can you get?

The idea that I could not have dreamed up the whole privatisation deal myself, backhanders and all, but had to be told what to do by an obsessive Mrs Thatcher is as distressing as it is malicious.

I have never been what the media are now describing me as, *viz* "a courtier", "a placeman", "a doormat". Particularly not to the woman whom I personally think is the greatest Prime Minister of this or any other age. On the contrary, *she* was the one who respected *me*. As she once famously remarked to the press when asked about my abilities: "Other people bring me problems. Lord Gnome brings me cups of tea."

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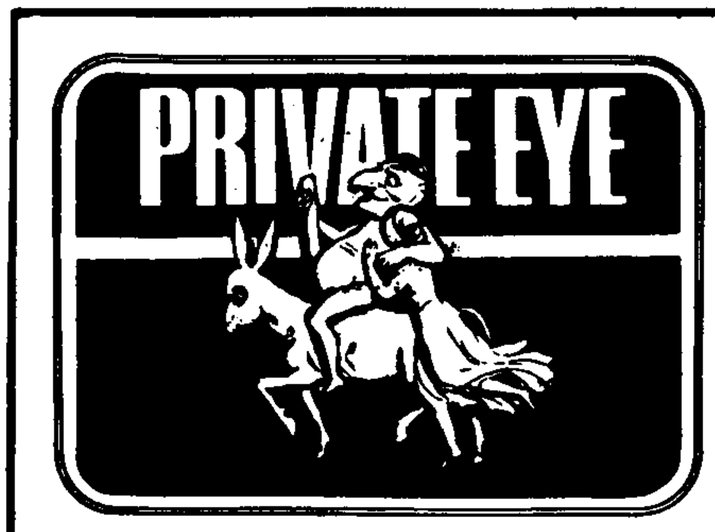


COLOUR SECTION

CURIOUS facts are emerging at the Woolf inquiry into the Strangeways prison riot. Chief among these are two letters written by inmates to warn the authorities of the planned violence.

One of the letters, which was anonymous, was dropped into a prisoner's letterbox a few days before the riot. It predicted that there would be a "riot in the church" led by Category A prisoners from D1 wing. They would have "tooled up sticks" and "PP9s [radio batteries] in socks". The other message was passed on by an inmate in A wing. His name was not disclosed for obvious reasons, but he gave a verbal warning of roughly the same things.

Two questions were asked about these letters:

Why were Category A prisoners allowed to go to church that Sunday morning?

The official answer was that prison officers cannot intervene between an inmate and his religion. One objection to this is that Category A prisoners had been stopped in the past from going to church under rule 43A which allows prisoners to be locked up for a specific reason. Rule 43A can only be used on application to the governor and this brought the inquiry to its second question.

Why wasn't the prison governor told about the letters?

No proper answer has yet been given and the governor himself seemed bemused by it.

The representation of "interested parties" at the Woolf inquiry is rather lop-sided. There is a lawyer for the Prison Department; a lawyer for the Prison Officers' Association; and a lawyer for the Prison Governors' Association. There is no lawyer to speak up for the prisoners. NACRO, the Howard League for Penal Reform and the Prison Reform Trust are all too poor to afford a barrister for such a long inquiry. As a result, the above questions and their implications have been rather lightly aired.

One conceivable implication, which is too appalling to contemplate, is that the prison officers at Strangeways, always a militant bunch, thought something drastic should be done to draw attention to the cuts in overtime which followed the Fresh Start initiative by the Home Office. "A little riot" might not be a bad way to expose the hopeless plight of the officers. This would explain their curious failure to act on the letters or to bring them to the attention of the governor. It might also explain the remarkable way in which not just the church but also the remand wing of the prison was completely abandoned so soon after the riot began.

The inquiry now moves to Taunton where it will hear evidence about the riot at Pucklechurch remand home. By all accounts this will be even more extraordinary than the revelations from Strangeways.

THATCH's faithful amanuensis, Bernard "Barmy Bernie" Ingham, is becoming more irascible than ever in his dealings with the reptiles of Fleet Street.

At his regular lobby briefing last Wednesday afternoon, Ingham erupted in fury when the BBC's John Harrison asked whether the Government was going to apologise for misleading Parliament and the EEC over the Rover deal. "I'm not going to put up with any more of this!" screamed Bernie.

The *Daily Telegraph*'s political editor, George Jones, politely pointed out that Rover was an important story and hacks were entitled to ask questions about it. He too was bawled out. Robin Oakley of *The Times* then intervened on behalf of his persecuted colleagues. "It's a matter of public interest, Bernard," he suggested. Bernard thought otherwise. His bulky frame quivering with rage, he roared: "I am not going to grovel before this lobby!"

By now the hacks were so alarmed by Ingham's deranged appearance they feared any more questions might precipitate a complete nervous breakdown. They tiptoed quietly away.

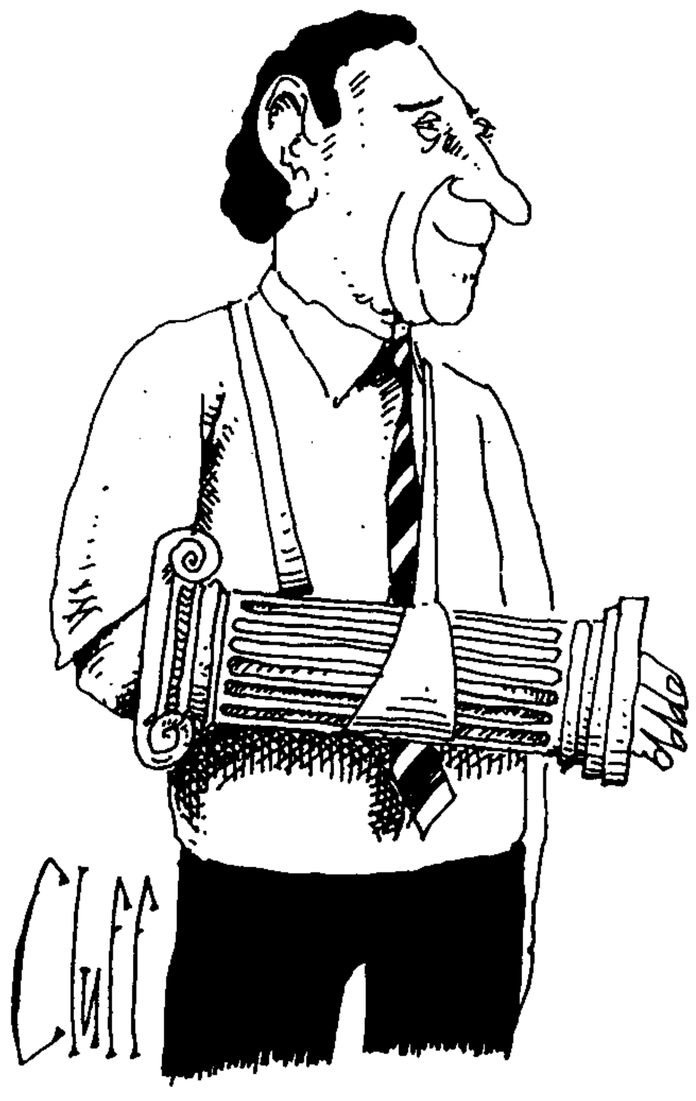
ONE man already yielding the peace dividend is former Defence Secretary George Younger who stepped down from the cabinet last year. Younger has decided against a hopeless attempt to retain his Ayrshire seat at the next election. Instead of spending more time with his family (or indeed the family brewing business), the dashing Tory has decided to start his own airline.

In a move which has astonished his future competitors, Younger plans to begin scheduled services later this year using Belfast as a base for flights linking Amsterdam and Brussels with Scotland, England, Norway and the Isle of Man. On the face of it, this seems like a hopeless cause, but in fact Belfast already serves as the centre for the busiest and most profitable commuter routes in Europe. As a result, licences are notoriously difficult to obtain, with British Airways' monopoly only being broken relatively recently. George, though, is confident that the Civil Aviation Authority will approve his application.

The imaginatively-named Emerald Air should therefore be operating by mid-November with, hopefully, details of Younger's currently anonymous co-directors being made available in the Companies Office sometime beforehand. Although the project is said to have the support of an Icelandic transport company, quite where finance for the airline is coming from remains unclear. No doubt Younger's imminent appointment as Chairman of the Royal Bank of Scotland will be of some help with this.

Also useful will be the experience gained by Younger in leading the campaign to protect Prestwick's status as sole airport for flights between Scotland and North America. That campaign (rightly) failed earlier this year with catastrophic losses for Prestwick as a result. Younger's disappointment would obviously be greatly eased by a favourable government decision on his new venture.

There will, of course, be the usual anti-enterprise elements who query the right of an MP who has only recently left the government to be applying for a government licence. Naturally, the civil servants who will process his application can be relied upon to ensure fair play, and of course George Younger wouldn't want it any other way.



NEWSPAPER editors met early last week to try to formulate a positive response to the Calcutt report on privacy and the media.

While in public they may have broadly welcomed it, many strongly disagreed with aspects of the report. In one matter only were they united and cheerful: the abolition of the Press Council was a very popular recommendation if for no other reason than it gets Louis Blom-Cooper out of the way

SOME of the more staid and ancient hacks at the *Grauniad* — notably stately old-timer John Ezard — have been complaining that obscene sexual suggestions keep appearing on their computer screens.

An in-house investigation reveals that the messages are computerised *billets doux* between two of the paper's youngest hacks — Jocelynn Targett, the peroxide-blond 23-year-old toy-boy who is now deputy editor of *Weekend Guardian*, and Judy "Rumpy-Pumpy" Rumbold, the paper's teenage, micro-skirted fashion editor with whom he is besotted. Quite why they have to leave their lewd love-notes in the computer system for all to see is a mystery. Perhaps it is a new form of sexual exhibitionism.

THERE is no deputy editor at the *Mail on Sunday* and nor is there likely to be one for some time. This is because editor Stewart Steven has been forbidden, rather humiliatingly, to appoint the candidate of his choice.

The person he wanted for the job was his long-standing protégée Susan Douglas, whose many journalistic qualifications include the fact that she is the "SD" to whom Julie Burchill's fucking-and-editing novel *Ambition* is dedicated. She also once saved Steven's life when he had a heart attack at a party conference. (La Douglas was the *Mail on Sunday*'s medical correspondent at the time and was therefore well-versed in first aid techniques.)

But Douglas's appointment has been vetoed by Sir David English, editor of the *Daily Mail*, who is senior to Steven in the company pecking order. English has also recruited the support of his owner, Lord Harmsworth.

It is not entirely clear why English has done this, apart from the pleasure of showing Stewart Steven who is boss. The *MoS* editor went off on holiday to Cyprus last week vowing that if he couldn't have Douglas, he wouldn't have anybody. If he persists in this intransigence, a simple solution to the impasse may occur to English and Harmsworth: to sack Steven himself. About time too.

DAILY EXPRESS hacks are speculating wildly about the career prospects of tyrannical news editor Michael Parry after an embarrassing incident in Sardinia during the early stages of the World Cup.

Parry, who had decided to take a two-week holiday to watch the soccer, commandeered one of the two press accreditations awarded to the paper enabling him to oversee news coverage at first hand.

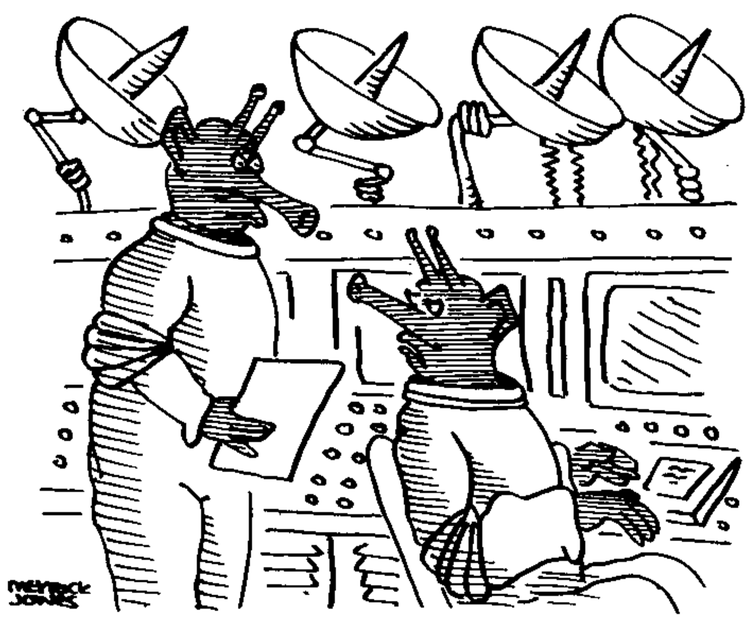
Back in London there were scenes of mass jubilation in the *Express* office when it was learnt that Parry, a tireless campaigner against soccer hooliganism, had managed to get himself detained by Italian police following a tired and emotional fracas with Brian McNally, a sports writer for the *Newcastle Journal*.

Although senior executives have been sworn to secrecy and editor Nick Lloyd has tried to stop news of the scandal reaching puritanical proprietor

When tabloid hacks manufactured the sexy love romps story involving the England team and Isabella the Italian hostess, the enterprising McNally tried to snatch her away from the pack and escort her to the safety of a hotel outside Cagliari for her own protection. Parry felt that readers of the *Daily Express* were entitled to an exclusive interview with the girl, and when he tracked her down found himself denied access by McNally.

Parry excoriated the provincial hack, calling him a "scumbag" and a disgrace to the profession. When the Italian police arrived he adopted the same tone and his passport was duly confiscated and he was held for interview.

In London senior executives were ordered to put a news blackout on the incident with the curious explanation from Lloyd that as Parry was on holiday what he did in his own time was his own business. The first shock was when it was revealed that the *Evening Standard* planned to use the story from copy filed by Colin Adamson in Sardinia. When the story was published, however, Parry's name was not mentioned. Meanwhile, the *Express*'s deputy editor, Paul Potts, ex-political editor of the *News of the Screws*, was pressing Foreign Office contacts to ensure Parry's passport was returned — thus proving that he had no concern about what Parry did in his own time.



"A transmission from the Erathling satellite — it's Death Wish III"

CONGRATULATIONS are due to moon-faced *Sunday Times* business hack Chris Blackhurst, the latest person to be lured to Robin "Moron" Morgan's *Sunday Express* by a thumping salary and "thick carpets" to be the paper's City editor.

No doubt Blackhurst will be able to draw on his vast experience as a canny investigative reporter. When working on the *Sunday Times* Insight team last year, he received a phone call from a man who claimed to work for Cancer Research and wanted to spill the beans about alleged corruption at the charity.

Blackhurst met the fellow in a pub and was relieved when he revealed that he wasn't interested in being paid a fee for his information. All he asked was that Blackhurst give him the money for a taxi ride to his home in the Essex suburb of Gants Hill where he would collect the incriminating documents and then return to the pub in London. Blackhurst, his nose twitching at the scent of a major scoop, eagerly parted with £30, just about the only cash he had on him at the time. Also, he never saw the mysterious informant again.

O.B.N.

We are a group of pupils at The Iraqi School in London.

Iain Walker's criticism last week of our dear leader, President Saddam Hussein, caused deep injury because we love our leader, to the extent that we look to him as being the father of our people and each of us hopes to meet him, to kiss him and to enjoy being between his hands.

We hold him in high esteem and put his pictures in our notebooks and schoolbags as well as in our hearts. Why do you hate him?

Long live Iraq, long live the leader Saddam Hussein, long live Palestine, long live the Arab world.

(Names supplied),
The Iraqi School,
London SW7.

Mail on Sunday

ZIMBABWEANS were told by a new Member of Parliament yesterday that they should be thankful that God had given them "His other son", President Mugabe.

The Herald, Harare

Submitted by R. Rubin, Andy Johnson

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

CAP'N Bob's *European* has been having teething problems. When Nick Davies, the *Daily Mirror*'s foreign editor, was brought in by Maxwell to oversee the paper, *Pisspoorean* editor Ian Watson felt demoted.

However, he was swiftly cheered up after his Irish deputy, Peter Millar, went to see Maxwell and did an impersonation of Sir Richard Attenborough. Weeping in the presence of the Great Dictator over Watson's plight he managed to move Maxwell and Davies was sent back to the *Mirror*.

The European's finance director, however, was sacked after it was discovered that some staff journalists based in foreign capitals had not been paid and were considering strike action. Cap'n Bob, ever the hands-on-throat proprietor, reacted swiftly in the interests of justice and labour relations. In another context, Maxwell sacked one hackette in full view of the entire newsroom, telling her that her copy was not up to the standards he required. He is also keeping a beady eye on the paper's costs. So frugal is the regime that one employee on its Elan arts section, when he tried to commission a book review from a writer in France, was shocked to discover that phone calls to Europe were restricted.

SELECT, the new music monthly from United Newspapers, tempted new readers to buy issue one with a free 12-track cassette featuring the talents of The House of Love, James, Yello, The Hummingbirds, Ruby Blue, The Lilac Time, Dusty Springfield and Cameo, Phonogram recording artistes all.

The cosy symbiotic relationship enjoyed by the music industry and the music press is well known, but surely *Select* has gone beyond the pale? Open the magazine and there are generous articles on... The House of Love and James, reviews of The Hummingbirds, Lilac Time, Ruby Blue and James and further plugs for Cameo and Yello.

It's good to see that the latest entry into the rock music market has such independence. After all, it managed to say nary a word about the other four Phonogram acts who appeared on the free cassette.

VETERANS of the *Investors' Chronicle* are amazed at the latest crusade against freebies by *Indie* supremo Andreas Whittam Strobes — or "Andy Smith" as he was sometimes known in the mid-Seventies when he edited the *Chronicle*.

They cannot recall the saintly one having any principled aversion to jaunts and jollies in those days. When an invitation arrived for a freebie to California in 1974, for instance, it was assumed that the paper's US analyst, Robert Tyerman, would make the trip; but Strobes greedily snaffled the invite for himself.

His ex-colleagues are even more surprised to learn that Strobes's latest outburst of moral indignation involves a sponsored car (*Eye* 743). For they also remember that, during an expense-cutting exercise at the *IC*, it was discovered that Strobes's free car was being used by his wife, Valerie. One *Chronicle* hack, electrical analyst Stephen Liebmann, was so outraged by this abuse of a perk that he posted a memo about it on the staff noticeboard.

VIRULENT Democratic Unionist MP Peter Robinson is facing problems in his hometown powerbase. Despite his presence at Westminster, Robinson retains his council seat in Castlereagh, a hardline loyalist area in East Belfast (probably best known for its interrogation centre).

The DUP controls the council and two years ago supported maverick unionist Bill Abraham in his successful attempt to become mayor. Unfortunately Mr Abraham's period in office was blighted by the attentions of the RUC fraud squad. Just before last Christmas, he pleaded guilty to defrauding the Customs and Excise and was fined a high five figure sum for unpaid VAT and legal costs. Sadly, the problems of being an entrepreneur were not given sympathetic attention at Belfast Crown Court and a one-year suspended prison sentence was also imposed.

Since then Mr Abraham has continued with his council work, which generally involves condemning the Anglo-Irish Agreement and expressing approval of the brilliant work done by Peter Robinson MP.

Sadly, this has not gone down well with the other MP to hold a seat on Castlereagh Borough Council, John Taylor. The burly Official Unionist MP for Strangford has little love for Abraham (or Robinson) and has written to attorney-general Patrick Mayhew demanding Abraham's immediate disqualification from public office. Mayhew, who seems to spend all his time dealing with Ulster, has yet to reply: but already Robinson has leapt to his friend's defence and attacked Taylor's move. Abraham's supporters are linking Taylor's letter to a council motion attacking the MP, which Abraham successfully proposed three weeks ago.

Should Abraham eventually be forced to resign, the resulting by-election will no doubt provide the Official Unionists, the DUP and the nascent Ulster Tories with another chance to slag each other off. Whether there's any reason for the Government to let them do so is a different matter. Almost all services in Ulster are provided direct from Stormont with local councils having little power.

There must be a case for ending this charade, but in the meantime perhaps Ulster secretary Peter Brooke could consider whether the electorate is being given too much of a good thing when MPs are also allowed to sit as councillors.

HOW much more humiliation can Scottish Secretary Malcolm Rifkind endure before his resignation reaches the delighted occupier of No.10. Thatcher had made no secret of her affection for the Tories' ruthless chairman in Scotland, Michael Forsyth, who shares her view that Rifkind has been too soft with his errant countrymen.

Rifkind has been crushed over the poll tax, his economic proposals, and now the future of the Ravenscraig steel works which he wanted to keep open despite derision from Nicholas Ridley. Now Tory backbenchers are rebelling over his plans for law reform and, worst of all, his supporters in the Tory's Scottish head office are abandoning ship.

Local chief executive John MacKay is the latest to quit his full time job, leaving the Conservative organisation fully under the control of Forsyth's supporters. Surely the gentle Malcolm will be deciding to spend more time with his family well before the summer recess?

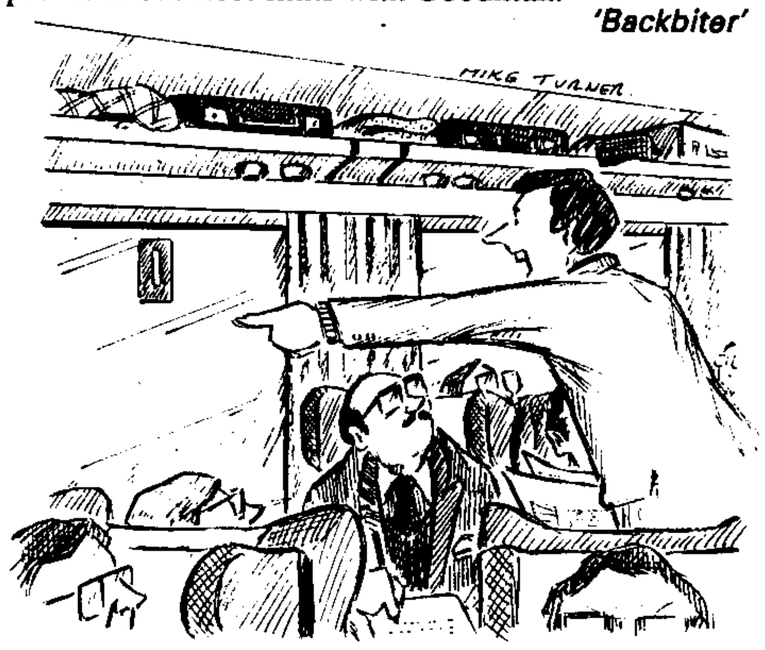
THE IRISH parliament, the Dail, has got itself into a bit of an Irish stew over the dealings of businessman Larry Goodman. MPs have been fascinated to learn that one of Goodman's companies had been fined more than IR£1m (around £850,000 sterling) by the Irish department of agriculture following "misdeclarations" on export refund papers.

An interview Goodman gave to the *Sunday Times* detailed losses of around £20 million on Goodman's shareholdings in perennial takeover targets Berisford and Unigate. Also, according to the article "among the tales to pass through Dublin's prolific gossip-mills are allegations of European funds fraud and accusations of a government cover-up."

Strangely, the article didn't mention Irish industry minister Des O'Malley who recently played such a big part in Goodman's activities and whom Goodman is threatening to sue over a decision to cancel nearly IR£40m worth of government credit guarantees following discrepancies in export figures.

Also unmentioned, and disputed by Goodman, was last month's investigation by the Irish fair trade commission into the ownership of a company called Classic Meats which had been bought by mysterious nominees. Speculation that Goodman was behind this takeover, which had serious monopoly implications, followed the appointment of a new board of directors at Classic, many of whom had previous business links with Goodman.

'Backbiter'



"Oh, look, there's a bunny rabbit!"

AS almost every American politician flocked around Nelson Mandela, the Kennedy clan was prominent in its claim to a special relationship. It is, of course, a well justified claim, since it was during the Jack Kennedy's presidency that the CIA ran down Mandela for the South African Police.

Following on that revelation came a so far rebutted accusation that the US had provided a hit list of 5,000 Indonesian Communists to be wiped out during the 1960s coup which brought the present regime into power — and overfulfilled its quota by killing 500,000.

All this embarrassment is in the past, of course. Present issues such as the sending of cluster bombs to Israel for re-export to Ethiopia or money for the Salvadorean death squads are apparently not yet worth the US even blushing.

HUNT NEWS

THE cause of the hunting fraternity might have suffered an embarrassing setback with the news that a tireless pro-hunting campaigner, Jim Newberry-Street, has been charged with a bomb hoax.

Newberry-Street travels round the country in a land-rover on behalf of the British Hunting Exhibition company, giving lectures on the history of hunting. Police in Yeovil, Somerset, received an anonymous phone call stating that animal rights activists had placed a bomb under the car, which was parked in the village of Seavington St Mary, near Ilminster.

Police found a milk bottle containing petrol, six-inch nails and a piece of rag for a fuse. After making inquiries in the village, police arrested Newberry-Street and he was later charged at Yeovil Magistrates' Court.

Sporting Life

FOR Sir Piers Bengough, the 1990 Royal Ascot meeting was both the best of times and the worst of times. His crack team of elderly gatemen and Royal Enclosure badge inspectors scored one or two notable triumphs when it came to weeding out the riff-raff from their social and sartorial superiors. Or, as Nicky Beaumont likes to put it, "stopping people from going into places where they have no business to be." (Like racecourses, for example.)

One such upstart was the ageing party in the white hat and black stilettoes who was headed off at the pass when attempting to walk across the sodden Royal Enclosure lawn on Gold Cup afternoon. This distressed and over made-up woman, who claimed to be Joan Collins, was clearly an attention seeker of the worst sort but, as this was her third, unsuccessful attempt to gain admittance, the Ascot Authority are considering rewarding her inane perseverance with a free pass to the Silver Ring for 1991.

Harry, the septuagenarian official who usually guards the entrance from the number one car park into the top end of the paddock, was equally on his mettle when confronted by a brash looking female with flame red hair and a bright red suit. "Not in there, Madam," he declared with his usual forceful charm. "You can't keep her out Harry," an anxious henchman muttered in his ear. "She's the Duchess of York." Poor Harry. How was he to know that the Queen's daughter-in-law regularly goes to the races dressed up like an outsize tomato-shaped ketchup squeezer from an old-fashioned Wimpy Bar.

Sir Piers' delight in seeing his retainers come through their most arduous moments with such distinction was tainted with unease over the announcement of the new partnership between Arc de Triomphe sponsors, CIGA, and Arlington Park racetrack in Chicago. The two managements are posting a million dollar bonus for any horse that wins both the Arlington Million and the Arc in the same year, as well as numerous other lavish bonus schemes for horses and trainers who gain the most win and place money in the major races at the two meetings.

This is great news for CIGA and especially for their major shareholder and *eminence grise*, old smoothie-chops himself, the Aga Khan. His dream of a French-led and French-based European Breeders Cup comes nearer to fruition every year, whereas Ascot's so-called Festival of British Racing, which takes place the weekend before the Arc, has no comparable point of attraction and now faces even more of an uphill task to gain recognition on the other side of the Atlantic. If this wasn't bad enough for Sir Piers, he must also deal with the Aga in his new role as chairman of the Jockey Club's Disciplinary Committee.

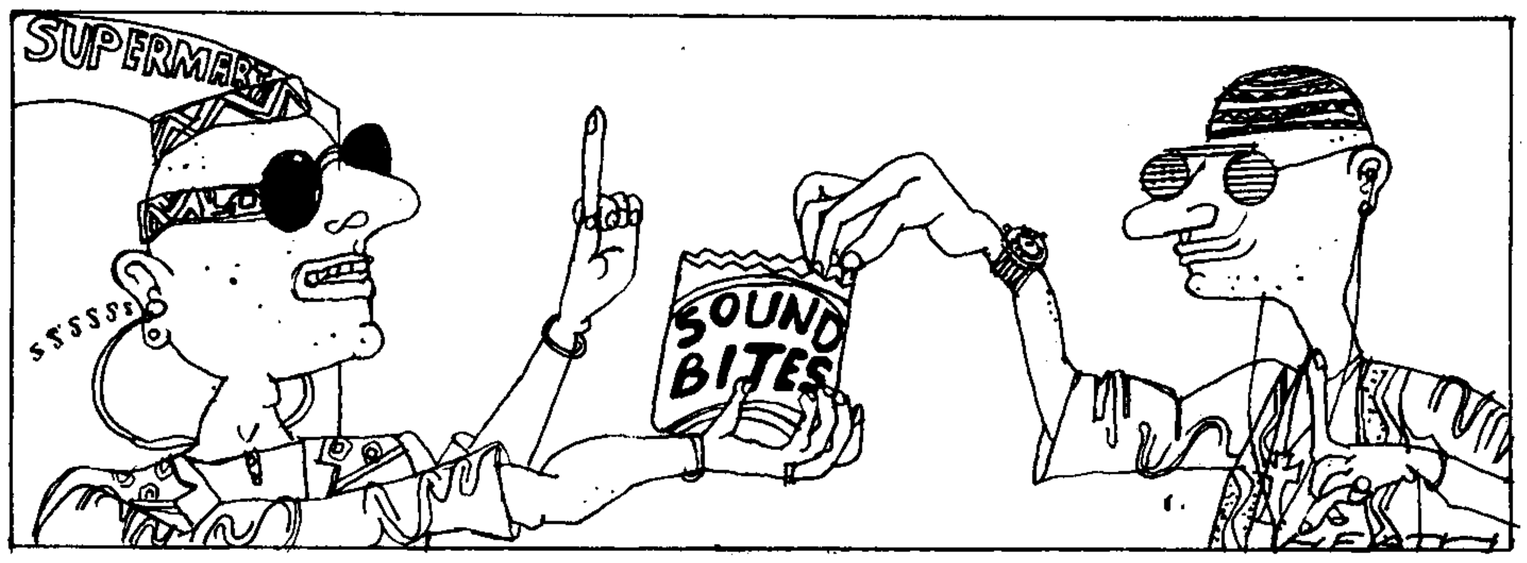
An incredible twelve months have now gone by since the Aga's filly, Aliysa, was disqualified from winning the 1989 Oaks for failing to pass a routine post-race dope test. Yet, the Stewards have yet to convene an official enquiry into the affair. This is one mess that was not of Bengough's making. It was his predecessor, the unloved Lord Vestey, who completely failed to call the Aga's bluff while his solicitors kept on getting the enquiry postponed *ad nauseam* as various veterinary alibis were offered.

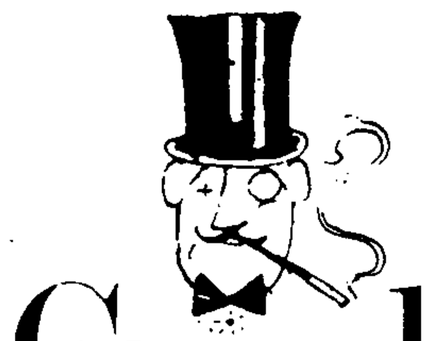
If the Aga rolls over Portman Square again, there is no limit to the derision that will be heaped on their heads. Is the scalp of Alexis Colby enough to satisfy Bengough for one season? Or has he got what it takes to face down the Khan?

'Major Bonkers'

NUMERO UNO

MICHAEL HEATH





Grovel

I WAS SORRY to see the *Spectator*'s new editor, Dominic Lawson, printing some tasteless tittle-tattle last week about the Queen Mother by the embittered novelist, A.N. Wislon.

I understand, however, that Lawson did at least blue pencil some of Wislon's most offensive barbs — referring to the Queen Mother's black teeth and her personal odours, not to mention her huge unpaid bills at the bookmaker.

I SEE that my old friend Cap'n Bob has been hamming it up yet again, this time for the benefit of *Observer Magazine* scribe Peter Conrad.

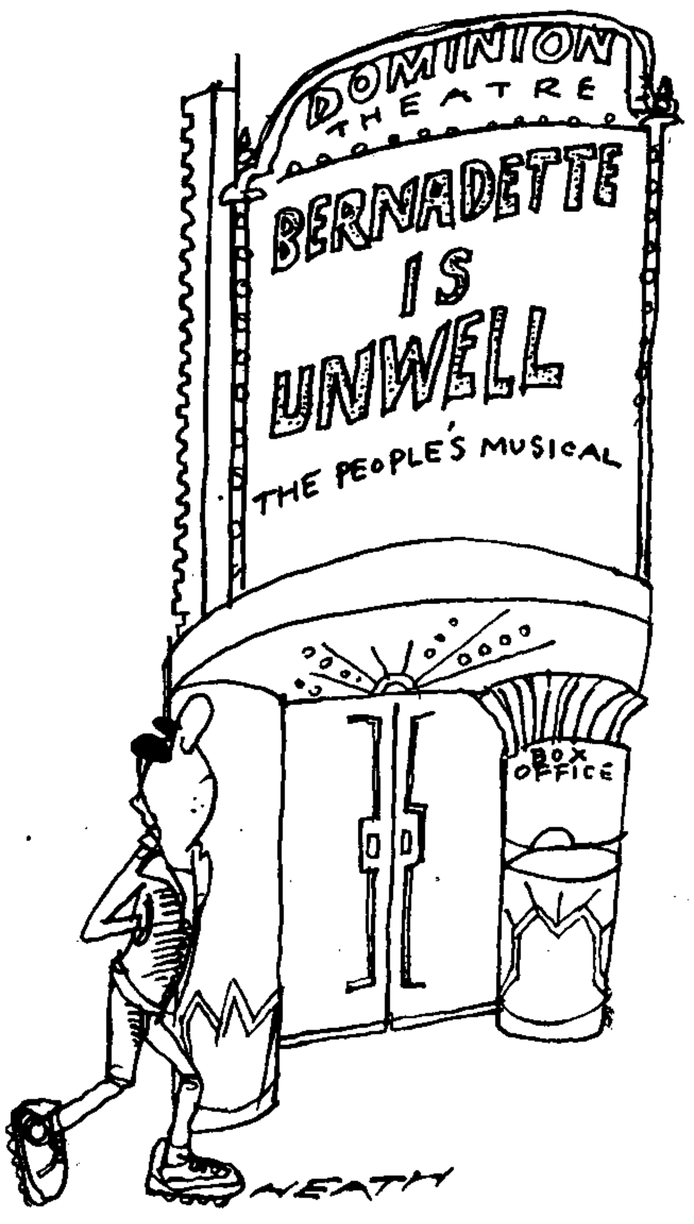
In the course of an hilarious profile of the Bouncing Czech there was a scene on the rooftop of the *Mirror* building where Maxwell was brought a cup of tea by one of his chefs. Having looked at it, he sent it back saying: "It's bags, I won't be fobbed off."

A few weeks earlier Maxwell had been visited by Emma Freud and a camera crew from *The Media Show*. On that occasion, too, Maxwell was brought a cup of tea by his French butler, which he sent back because, he claimed, it was made from tea bags and not tea leaves.

The repetition of this *faux pas* suggests that somebody will soon be sacked.

● *TO SIENA, for the wedding of the year between my old friend Geoffrey Wheatcroft and Sally, gorgeous, pouting daughter of elderly bow-tied humourist Frank Muir.*

Poor Frank seems a little distant at the reception, referring mysteriously to his son-in-law as "Jeremy". He tells that when he mentioned to fellow Garrick Club members that his daughter intended to marry Wheaters, his news was invariably greeted with a snigger.



Pseuds Corner

The trickiest problem in *Macbeth* today is the witches, finding a way to represent the supernatural, and it was brilliantly solved. They were dear little old ladies in floral print dresses with handbags and pudding-basin hats, bustling about officiously as if organising a Women's Institute cake sale.

RODNEY MILNES
Opera Magazine

I fell madly in love with her [Helen Mirren] and I'd never experienced this before. There was something in me that was like a chasm yearning to be filled. She taught me so much. She shook all those stupid antiquated ideas and attitudes that I had inherited from my family and they all just fell off me like leaves. She said, this is a woman, and this is a Chinese restaurant, this is spaghetti, there are no potatoes, you don't eat potatoes, this is sushi, yes it's raw fish, it's good for you, shut up, eat it. She showed me Paris and London and how to twist the heads off shrimps.

LIAM NEESON
Marie Claire

Lego sculpture tramps on the leash of our own self-deception. It reminds us that we have created an illusory world and that one day we will be called to account.

DORON SWADE
The Guardian

Trudie Styler and I are talking in an elegant 17th-century house, once owned by Yehudi Menuhin, in Highgate, north London, which is one of the three homes the couple share. She is expecting her third child in July, and, and is about to rejoin Sting and their daughter Mickey, 6, and son Jake, 4, at their New York apartment...

Styler and Sting have visited the Brazilian rainforests on four occasions. "What I have experienced there, that I have never really had in my life, is a profound sense of happiness," says Styler. "In that environment we are connected to our planet."...

Her own moment of truth came when, lying in a hammock in the jungle, a mosquito landed on her arm. Instead of brushing it away, she decided that "it has as much right to be here as I have", protected, as she was, from potential bites. "I made this connection with the planet I occupy."

SALLY BROMPTON
Radio Times

I shall not forget the last bend of the 1500 metres. Coe won from there by means of sheer, pulsating aggression; through diamond-hard competitive will. And afterwards, again, his contorted face told us everything: he was stoned blind on adrenalin. Again and again, he thrust his index finger upwards, as if to do an injury to the surrounding air. His jaw was clenched spanner-tight, his teeth locked. He turned to the press box, high above the finish line, and roared these immortal victory words: "Who says I'm fucking finished?"

SIMON BARNES
GQ

I'm enthusiastic about everything I do and I can always see the bright side of life. If I've parked on a yellow line and don't get a ticket, or go first-class on a train without paying the extra money, it makes me realise that lucky things happen every day.

SUSANNAH CONSTANTINE
Sunday Times

CONTRIBUTORS: Anon, Anon, Jackie Britton, Illegible, Graham Kerr, V. Purcell

£10 paid for entries

"Bloody global warming!"

I RECEIVE an invitation to hear the Chinese ambassador, Ji Chaozhu, speak to a black tie gathering of worthies at the Carlton Club on the 12 July. Who can have invited the apologist for Tiananmen Square to address a British audience? The event, I discover, is sponsored by the delightful Lady Olga Maitland's group, Families for War, and the evening will consist of instruction to the Tory Right on how to deal with popular insurrection. Otherwise the idea of the hardline Communists being applauded by the loony Right in the ruins of a building bombed by quasi-marxist terrorists becomes too peculiar for words...

DOMINIC Prince, the portly Lord Stevens-lookalike and anonymous "Prufrock" diarist in the Business News section of *The Sunday Times*, is eagerly hawking around his book synopsis on the subject of the secret commercial services.

Prince has direct and highly rewarding experience of the shadowy world of secret commercial services. He is one of the latest in a long line of recruits from the business pages of national newspapers to the freelance payroll of Kroll & Associates, the firm of business investigators.

The idea for the book came from the loudmouthed Michael Vermeulen of *GQ* fame *(What that? Ed.)* who is vociferously denouncing Prince to anyone who will listen. Vermeulen originally commissioned the fat hack to write a piece on the subject, but Prince's effort was so piss-poor that he never used it. I can't wait for the book.

● *RADIO One DJ Bruno Brooks hosted an event at Ritzy's nightclub in Torquay last month in aid of the Down's Syndrome Association. But I am glad to report that he did not come away from the evening entirely emptyhanded himself as he charged an "appearance fee" of £1,750 for his evening's work.*

In Bruno's defence one of the organisers, Martin Griffiths, explains to me that the DJ accepted the booking "under the impression that he'd come to a private function" and was most embarrassed when he learnt it was for charity. Bruno, he adds, made "a very generous donation".

Well, quite generous. The entire proceeds of the evening — including Bruno's donation — came to £1,100. The outgoings — Bruno's fee — were £1,750. The Down's Syndrome Association, it seems, would have been £650 better off if the event had never happened!

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS

"WHEN I hear anyone talk of culture, I reach for my revolver," as Hermann Goering didn't say. Clearly many people in the European City of Culture 1990 feel that way, to judge by a hugely entertaining row that is now raging.

At the centre of the storm is Elspeth King, Curator of the People's Palace in the middle of Glasgow Green, who has been loud in her promotion of working class culture. Offence has now been caused because she has not been promoted to the newly appointed post of Keeper of Social History in Glasgow. Her voluble friends say that Elspeth is a victim of Establishment prejudice because she is working class (a miner's daughter, indeed), a woman, a Scot, etc, etc (but, no, not black). Although the Labour-controlled Glasgow District Council is evidently very unimpressed by Ms King's transcendent proletarian credentials, the real villain has been identified as Julian Spalding, cultural supremo of Glasgow's museums and art galleries who is, horror of horrors, not only not working class but also an *Englishman* (while it is also being pointed out that the man who got the new job just happens to be *Irish*).

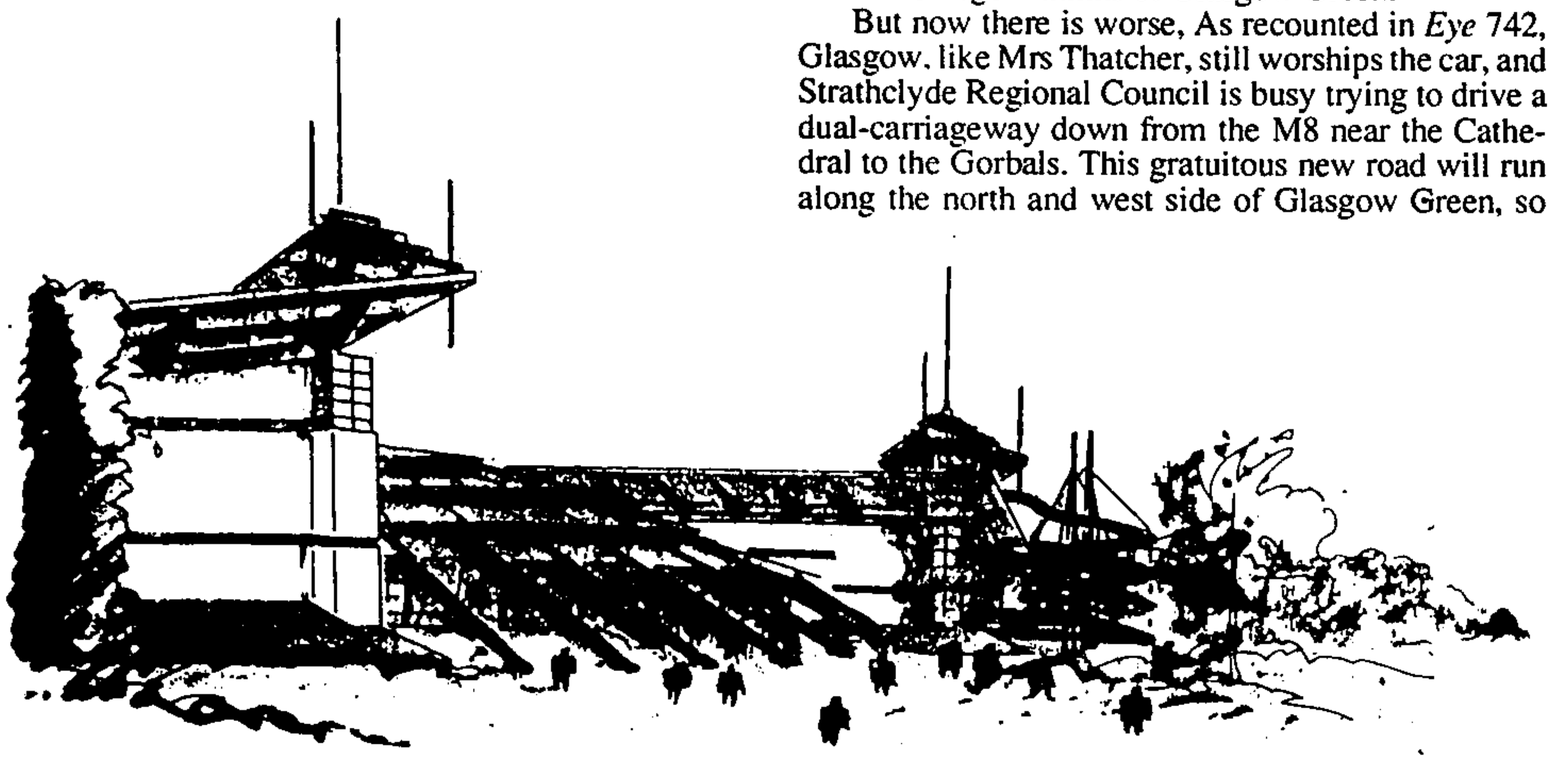
So Glasgow, in its Year of Culture, is witnessing a renaissance of the anti-elitist cultural politics of the 1960s combined with an insidious Scottish nationalism: an atavistic hatred of Englishmen in general and museum curators called Julian or Tim in particular.

All of which is a pity as it obscures the real scandal of Glasgow Green, the ancient common land and park which is hallowed by many events in the city's history and which, in her own rebarbative way, Ms King has done her best to defend. It lies by the Clyde, to the south-east of the ancient High Street, but, as Glasgow expanded, the middle classes and the city's centre of gravity moved west and the Green was increasingly forgotten. An attempt to reverse this process and do something positive for the East End was made in 1894 when the People's Palace was built, but the general neglect continued as Glasgow Green became surrounded by the appalling high-rise housing disasters of the 1960s. Yet the People's Palace remains one of the most enjoyable and enjoyed things in the city: a handsome jolly late-Victorian pile with an enchanting Winter Garden attached — much more fun than the overrated glass-walled Burrell Collection building: yet in 1987 the Burrell got £1.5 million while the People's Palace received only £212,000 for running costs. That is what Glasgow thinks of Glasgow Green.

But now there is worse, As recounted in *Eye* 742, Glasgow, like Mrs Thatcher, still worships the car, and Strathclyde Regional Council is busy trying to drive a dual-carriageway down from the M8 near the Cathedral to the Gorbals. This gratuitous new road will run along the north and west side of Glasgow Green, so acting as a Berlin Wall separating it from the city centre. And now the District Council has decided to do its bit to promote the "renewal" of Glasgow Green — after all, what use are grass, trees and open space in a dynamic City of Culture? So, in 1988 the East End Management Committee decided to invite seven developers to submit schemes for a "major tourism/leisure development" on Flesher's Haugh on the bend in the Clyde at the south-east end of the Green.

Three proposals are now being considered by the Council. The choice will be ever so difficult. Rank Leisure Ltd offer a pleasuredrome, ice and water facilities, ten-pin bowling, a cinema, a disco/nightclub, a restaurant and a motor lodge with parking for 1200 cars. But don't worry; although "Festival Park" will be a "bold statement", those resourceful architects, Limbrick Grayshon Associates, will ensure that "such a statement will be more on the lines of a Country House in its own parkland setting". In contrast, Citygrove Leisure plc propose "a multi-leisure facility that is all under one roof that will provide a 'one stop' destination for all the family", plus football pitches and a 120-room hotel. All this will be designed by Cochrane McGregor assisted by Gillespies, landscape architects, who just happen also to be working with the Region in planning those useful new roads. Lastly there is Sports & Leisure Developments plc with their architects, Faulkner Browns, who, with such things as a 90-room hotel, roller-skating rink, etc, offer a "very dynamic mix that will provide Glasgow with a leisure park to rival any in the UK and Europe". After all, "New attitudes to leisure mean that it no longer stands as a separate element of life but is at the focus of the quality of people's lives and integrated into the totality of life's experience." Quite so.

How can the good Councillors resist such puffs? Forget about the People's Palace and the leaking roof of the poor old Winter Garden, and never mind that Glasgow Green is common land, free and open to all — when in doubt: privatise! Nobody disputes that the Green has problems and could be improved, but if this solution — leasing a good third of the park to a private company to erect a massive complex of sub-Alton Towers tourist entertainments to be enjoyed only at a price and which will also attract yet more traffic to central Glasgow — is the District Council's idea of promoting Culture, or even of good municipal government, then my revolver is ready cocked.



Festival Park, the Rank solution: a pleasuredrome, ice and water facilities, ten-pin bowling, a cinema, disco/nightclub, a restaurant, and a motor lodge for 1,200 cars.

'Piloti'

THE WALLACE AFFAIR

A HUGE but silent upheaval has occurred at the offices of the *Sunday Times* following some rather unpredictable behaviour by editor, Andrew Neill. The row dates back to an interview some weeks back between *Sunday Times* reporter Barrie Penrose and retired General Sir Peter Leng. The subject of the conversation was the Colin Wallace affair, in particular Colin Wallace's assertion that senior army and intelligence officers knew perfectly well in 1974 that boys in the care of Belfast Corporation were being abused and raped by the leader of the Protestant paramilitary organisation TARA, William McGrath.

This allegation, denied by the Terry Report into the Kincora Boys Home, where (see two *Eyes* ago) McGrath was "housefather" and bugger in chief from 1971 until his overdue arrest in 1980 and by the British Government ever since, was put by Penrose to Leng. Leng was certainly in a position to know something about it. He was Commander, Land Forces Northern Ireland from 1973 to 1975.

An army information officer at the time, Mike Taylor, had announced a week before the Penrose/Leng conversation that Leng had referred to Kincora in a high-level secret memorandum.

This point was pressed by Penrose in his conversation, which was tape-recorded, as follows:

PENROSE: "You said in the memo according to Mike Taylor that the RUC and the social services I think ought to be brought in here, because the file named men and boys who were obviously part of this abuse which we all know about since."

LENG: "Yes, I recall that."

Later in the conversation, Penrose says:

"It [the memo] was just to remind you that there were homosexual abuses taking place, namely by the housefather named McGrath."

LENG: "Yes."

PENROSE: "Who was also a leader of TARA, and of course eventually that was all proven in court some years afterwards, and also a man named McKeague, but I mean this is obviously outside..."

LENG: "Yes, I do remember the homosexual insinuations and I do remember saying this is a police business, not ours."

The whole conversation, when transcribed, covered 27 pages. But these excerpts alone were enough to make Barrie Penrose very excited. Here, beyond doubt, was clear proof that the man in charge of the land forces in Northern Ireland remembered abuse of children in care in the Kincora Boys Home. He had, he said, done nothing about it because it was "police business", not an army one. Leng's statements, clearly spoken on tape, completely contradicted the denials of countless government Ministers and two official reports.

Penrose excitedly prepared his story and submitted it for the publication. He was wary. A recent article on the same subject which he had submitted to the editor had been published only in the Irish editions before being hoiked out by editor Neill. This time though, after the article was printed in the first edition, Penrose felt confident.

Imagine his horror then when he was told that the Ministry of Defence were complaining about the article. How, he wondered, did the Ministry know it existed? He never got an answer to that question. He was further perplexed when a Ministry spokesman, speaking to the Sunday Times Defence Correspondent, James Adams, vehemently denied that General Leng had said anything like what he had in fact said — on tape. Anxiously, Penrose submitted his tape to the editor who proclaimed that the story was not justified by what had been said on tape, and took it out of the paper.

This unusual approach to press freedom was questioned in Parliament by Tam Dalyell. The *Observer* published an article critical of Neill's behaviour.

Neill duly set up an inquiry under *Sunday Times* executive Peter Roberts to see whether his action had been justified. After a long and careful investigation, Roberts concluded that Penrose had been right to submit the article; that the article was justified by the Leng interview and that it was therefore editorially wrong to exclude it. Neill was livid.

There have been three interesting developments since.

1. Peter Roberts has changed jobs. He is now an executive of *The Times*.

2. Barrie Penrose is no longer at the *Sunday Times*. He works occasionally for the *Sunday Express*.

3. James Adams has been promoted to Personnel Director.

TV

Today at Wimbledon

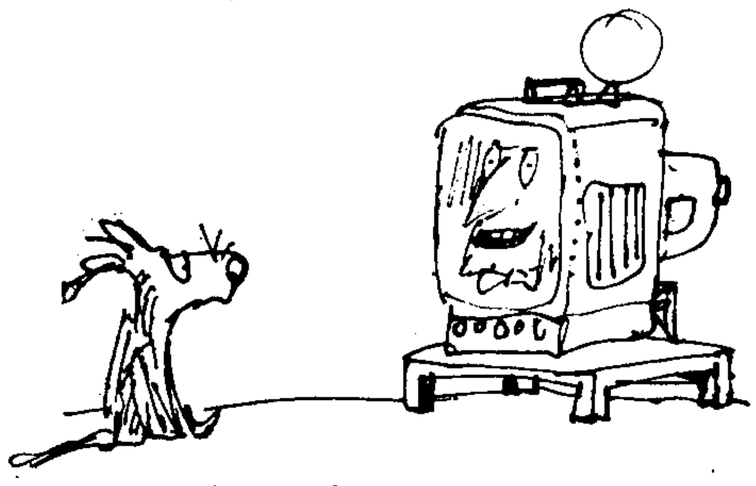
(BBC1)

TELEVISION critics are receiving a lot of letters and phone calls at the moment asking them to settle sofa rows or pub bets about whether Gerald "Gerry" Williams — the steel-haired creep of BBC tennis coverage — has died or been sacked. In fact Williams has gone to work for BSB, a posting more lucrative than sacking (his salary is said to be around £100,000) but quite as bleak and lonely as death. It is a curious side-effect of the television revolution that performers whom you believe to have died usually prove to have been poached by satellite stations.

The demise from the BBC of Williams is, technically, good news. Maturing late in his career from the blessed invisibility of radio, he rapidly achieved the kind of negative reaction which normally takes television presenters years to accrue. He is known in television and tennis circles as Reverend Gerry. This is partly because of his energetic lecture tours on behalf of an organisation called Christians In Sport (eliminate your opponent with kindness) but largely because he has the general aspect and delivery of a stage vicar and because his analysis of matches is strongly reminiscent of a cleric recently returned from a course on marriage counselling.

He would tell you not that a player had altered their serve (as Dan Maskell, an ex-professional, still can), but rather that they were affected by a development in their private life. Fascinated by the psychology of John McEnroe — or, perhaps, in Christian terms, his demonology — Gerry struggled to understand and sympathise with the overgrown infant of men's tennis. It was widely believed that the Rev Gerry was carried away by the fact that lawn tennis is the only game in which Love is a measurement of the score.

More worryingly, Gerry represented a new belief in the BBC Sports department that games need to be made more interesting: a feeling that, to borrow a line from John McEnroe, you cannot be serious. Accordingly, the Rev presented, with the otherwise excellent Des Lynam, an evening round-up on BBC1 called *Wimbledon Match Of The Day*. Des and Gerry were built up into an (intended) comic double-act. When a player who had once applied to drama school reached the third round, the lads presented the entire programme in cod iambic pentameters. The emergence of a new hopeful from Latin America would be an excuse to host the show in sombreros and ponchos. And so on.



In fact, it is surely the case that viewers are interested in a certain sport or not — with external factors, like a sudden England World Cup run or a new star tennis player swelling the ratings — and attempts to make it accessible only result in the interested becoming convinced that the game is being trivialised. Interestingly, for example, the ITV World Cup coverage, though more obviously popularist — a moving-picture version of *The Sun* — is less popular than the BBC's sterner stuff.

Accordingly, there were hopes that BBC tennis coverage might be remodelled for the 1990 tournament, with the absence of Rev Gerry in the other place and Des hosting the World Cup which, despite his *Wimbledon 90* experiences, he has achieved without, say, waving a spear whenever Cameroons score. Regrettably, the opportunity has been missed. Now called *Today At Wimbledon*, the Des and Gerry show is hosted by Harry Carpenter. Harry is a dependable BBC senior who speaks in a gruff factese ("Well, all eyes were on Number 14 court, where the new Venezuelan prodigy...") but is not actively irritating. You hoped that he would just set up the matches and let the action speak.

However, the corporation's executives have unwisely decided to construct another double-act. Carpenter is matched with Sue Mott, a tennis journalist, who wears loud blouses and a voice which dives at the end of each line to show what a wry, wacky attitude to the game she is taking. Offering the gossip and ironies of the day, her piece is thankfully brief but more match-time is wasted on a discussion between Harry and a visiting celebrity. There has been the inevitable Fred Perry, a man of great achievements, few of them in a television studio, and John Lloyd, who was once the British No 1, which is to say No 187 outside of Britain. He had once been married to a real player. "Being married to Chris for a few years... I got to see how a champion really reacts," he told Harry. As she had reacted by divorcing him fairly rapidly, it was hard to believe in his claim to special expertise.

It should be said as clearly as possible to the masters of BBC sport that viewers switching to *Today At Wimbledon* at 10pm are doing so because work or other duties have led them to miss the tennis. A 90-minute football game traditionally comes down to 30-40 minutes in an evening highlights show. A good tennis match — take Chang v Kratzmann this year — can run to three hours. It is mathematics as well as aesthetics which dictates that, in a 60-minute programme, featuring highlights from that game alongside perhaps two others, the viewer can do without bad jokes or reminiscing by codgers of various vintages. Perhaps BSB could come in for Sue Mott, too?

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

AS Thatch begins to drop teasing hints about an impending general election, BBC major-domo John Birt is bending over so far backwards to avoid offending her that he is in danger of rupturing himself.

Hence last week's absurd "guidelines for interviewers" which, in essence, was a public relations stunt to reassure the Media Monitoring Unit that Brian Redhead and Jeremy Paxman would stop being cheeky to right-wing politicians.

Hence, too, the abrupt sacking of Barbara Maxwell, the flame-haired temptress who dreamed up the BBC1 show *Question Time* and has produced it since its inception. Her crime, it seems, was to choose too many Tory panellists who were not approved by Downing Street — Heseltine, Lawson and other malcontents. She has now been shunted off to organise coverage of the party conferences — one of the corporation's less sought-after postings. In a small gesture of defiance she made sure the panel for her last edition of *Question Time* (which went out a fortnight ago) included the dread figure of Nigel Lawson.

Birt's desperate bid to please Thatch may, however, be sabotaged by his own incompetence. For La Maxwell's replacement at *Question Time* is none other than James Hogan, whose chief claim to fame — or notoriety — is that he made *Maggie's Militant Tendency*, an exposé that provoked apoplexy among Thatch and her cronies. Birt and his LWT acolytes may have forgotten the programme (it was before their time at the BBC), but Downing Street remembers it only too well.

ANOTHER amusing aspect of the "interviewing guidelines" is alleged concern within the corporation that politicians were constantly being groomed by professional advisers on the art of evading questions. And who might these advisers be? One need look no further than at a glossy brochure produced by Bernard Falk's company, Falkman Media Training, for the answer.

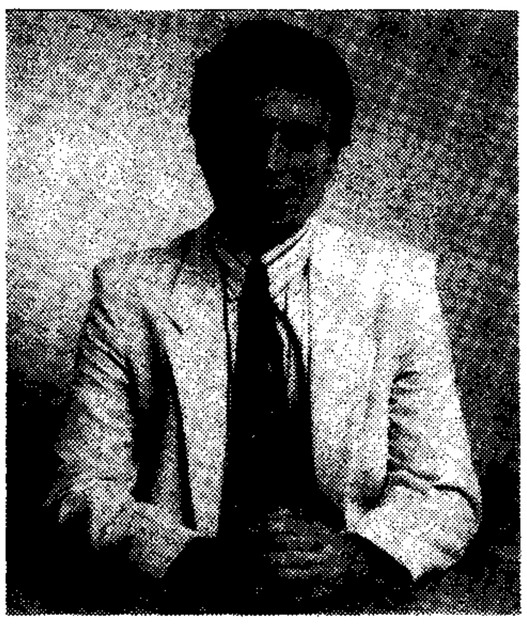
To impress those who may need its services, the company says its tutors include: John Humphreys of BBC Radio 4; Tom Mangold, a top reporter with *Panorama*; John Stapleton of *Breakfast Time* and *Watchdog*; Sue Cook of *Out of Court* and *Crimewatch*; Philip Hayton, presenter of BBC's *Nine O'Clock News*; Nick Ross, presenter of *Breakfast Time* and *Sixty Minutes*; Fran Morrison of *Newsnight*; David Jessel, presenter of *Out of Court* and *Rough Justice*; Jeremy Paxman, well-known heavy; Deborah Hall of *Breakfast Time*, *London Plus*. And so on...

THE spectacle of Sir Alistair Burnet fighting to defend ITN's news coverage is fascinating his former staff at the *Daily Express*, which he edited briefly in the 1970s before it Gotmuchworse.

He helped the decline by shutting down the foreign news service to save money and is widely regarded as having been the worst editor the paper ever had — a title gained in competition with a glittering cast of rivals including Sir Edward Pickering, Robert Edwards, Roger Wood, Derek Marks, Ian MacColl, Roy Wright, Christopher Ward, Derek Jameson, Sir Larry Lamb and Nicholas Lloyd.

Apologies to anyone who has been forgotten.

CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday Story of Broadcasting Folk
"HELLO VIEWERS!"
BAR
Leftover Birthday Cake
"MRS WHITEHOUSE, JUST TURNED 80!...
WHO'D BELIEVE IT?...
CAMPAIGNING THE WAY YOU STILL DO...
WE THOUGHT YOU MUST BE AT LEAST 20 YEARS OLDER!"
CHANNEL 4
"Cor!!! Doubles all round!!! Ha Ha Ha!!"
Ken Pyne



Sky TV's Jason Dasey

TIMES are even harder than we thought at the Dirty Digger's Sky TV. One of the sports presenters for Sky News, a clean-cut young thing called Jason Dasey, has just sent an extraordinary begging letter to a small clothing firm, Oakland Menswear, which has shops in glamorous Ealing and Putney.

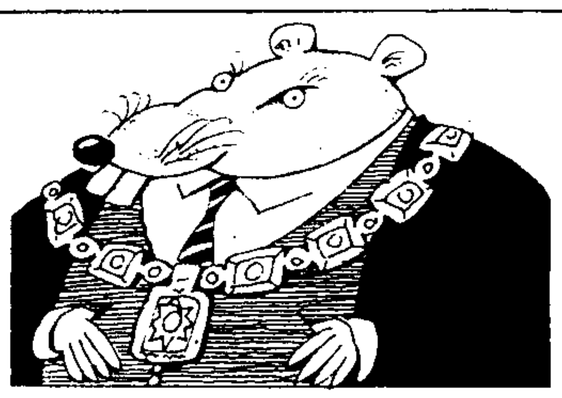
"I have become a big fan of your range of menswear, which I find both inventive and tasteful," he wrote to the firm's boss, Chris Williams. "I wear your suits, shirts and ties during my regular appearances on Sky Television. The problem is that I find I am often wearing the same outfits again and again because my budget does not allow for me to have different clothes for every appearance."

To prove his point, he enclosed a publicity shot of himself wearing a white suit from Oakland Menswear. His proposal to Williams was that "you supply me with different outfits every week, which I would return after wearing them on air. This would ensure that I looked smart every week and give you a chance to show off your fashions to a captive audience around Europe". (Sky, he boasts, is seen as far afield as Israel and Algeria, though it is hard to see what use that is to a clothes shops in south or west London.)

"I can't promise you an on-air credit," he adds, "but will certainly be pleased to tell people when they ask where my clothes are from. (Already I get numerous inquiries from fellow presenters, especially about your ties.)"

Chris Williams told the *Eye* this week that he had not yet decided how to reply to Dasey's peculiar letter. "What he's asking sounds wonderful," he said, "but for a small organisation it could be incredibly expensive — the thought of supplying him with endless suits, jackets and ties when he's not willing or able to offer us a credit." He added: "To be honest, I've never watched Sky TV."

But why is Dasey, who earns more than £30,000 a year from Sky, so short of money? It seems the poor lad has joined a "born again" Christian set (like the Digger), to which he is expected to donate most of his salary. If *Eye* readers have any old cast-offs to spare — "inventive and tasteful" ones, of course — send them to Jason at Sky Television.



ROTTEN BOROUGHS

BIRMINGHAM

PLAUDITS are due to Birmingham's housing chairman Councillor Stan Austin for topping the hard-up council's expenses claims list for 1989-90 with an £11,062.14 bid, more than a thousand pounds greater than the puny sum received by Gaitskellite city leader Sir Richard "Dickie" Knowles.

Austin clinched the top spot by filling his ample girth with nearly £3,000 worth of food and drink consumed at council meetings over the year.

But not everyone in Brummieland is impressed with Austin's fiscal activity. Some jealous town hall housing officers are annoyed that while Austin was raking up his unbeaten expenses tally he was also receiving a handsome rent rebate of nearly £20 out of a weekly bill of just over £30.

Although council tenants earning more than £4,500 a year do not qualify for rebates, Austin's expenses are not officially classed as income and so he can play the welfare game with impunity, stacking up expenses, rebates and DoSS benefits.

One can only marvel at Austin's guile in circumventing the Draconian, "Thatcherite" benefit laws which, of course, were drawn up precisely to impoverish Labour councillors. Perhaps the Government will now concede defeat and change the law so that hard-working councillors can avoid all the embarrassment of applying for handouts and receive council houses gratis?

STAFFORDSHIRE

IN A shock move, Staffordshire County Council's barbaric social services department has agreed to launch an inquiry into allegations of brutality at council-run homes over the last ten years, following recent revelations in the *Eye*.

The inquiry will examine allegations that children in the council's care were punished under a system of treatment known as the "pin-down" method. Officially, this involved the kids' being held against their will until they repented their past misdeeds. Unofficially, *all* new children in care were subjected to "pin-down" to put the fear of God into them and render then amenable to discipline. At the Hartshill Road council home in Newcastle-under-Lyme, for instance, young boys were paraded across a courtyard, wearing only underpants, in winter.

The council reluctantly stopped using "pin-down" last year after a high court injunction. But regardless of the outcome of the inquiry, which many believe will be a whitewash, the Labour-run authority is certain to face a number of civil actions for negligence, cruelty and unlawful imprisonment.

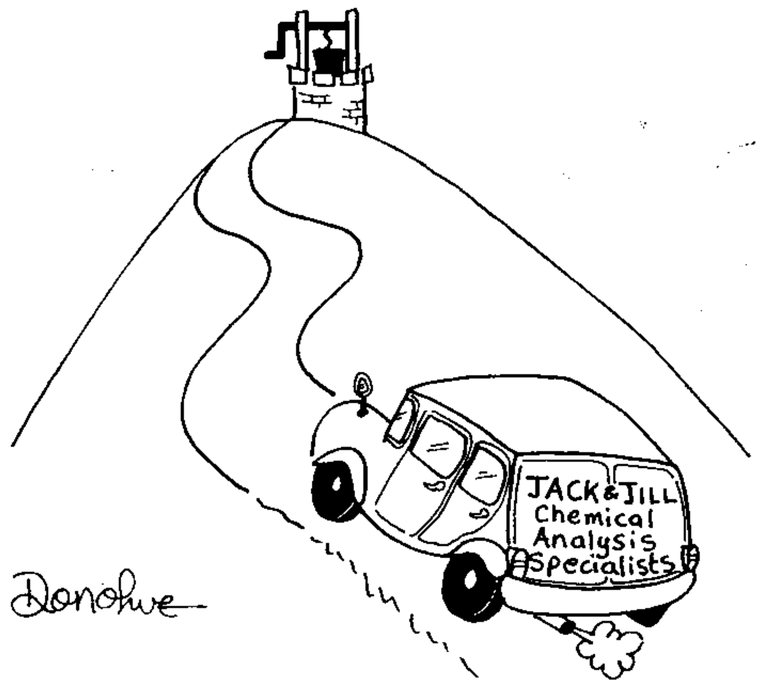
Official spokesmen, meanwhile, have been trying to wriggle their way out of responsibility for the breakdown in social services, claiming that parents had agreed that their offspring be incarcerated in solitary confinement. In fact, the 12-year-old girl who had been subjected to the most brutal treatment (Eye 742) had been sent to a council home simply for welshing on her father who had been sexually abusing her. Unfortunately, in this case the parent was certainly none too keen on his daughter being taken away.

HARLOW

HUMDRUM Harlow, a lone socialist outpost in Essex, could be heading for municipal mutiny according to disgruntled staff who are asking the district auditor to investigate allegations of municipal misconduct and financial irregularities.

At the centre of these allegations is Harlow's new business centre, Latton Bush, which was recently opened by Neil Kinnock. It is alleged that firms with favourable Labour Party connections are receiving preferential treatment and that the handling of contracts is not going through the proper procedures. Ironically, building union leaders are claiming that construction contracts were not put out to tender to allow the council the chance to compete for the work.

Twelve town hall officers, including six deputy heads of department, have also contacted the Eye,



moaning about balding, Spartish town hall supremo Dermot Byrne, 43, Harlow's general manager since 1989, whose rise has coincided with growing dissatisfaction amongst staff, many of whom are looking for new jobs.

Staff patience snapped at the end of May following the suspension of the town's treasurer, Derrick Harman, a rare respected local government officer. Harman was accused of fiddling expenses while attending a cricket match. When it was shown that his expenses bill over the last two years had been a paltry £200 he was reinstated. Cynics pointed out that had it assumed five-figure status he would probably have received a commendation from Byrne!

Labour councillors are also being accused of nepotism involving the appointment to a top administrative post of the daughter of Labour councillor Des Condon who, allegedly, submitted a late application and failed to have the necessary driving licence. Councillors had tried to sack the previous incumbent for serving coffee wrongly in plastic cups! She is now taking the council to an industrial tribunal citing unfair dismissal.

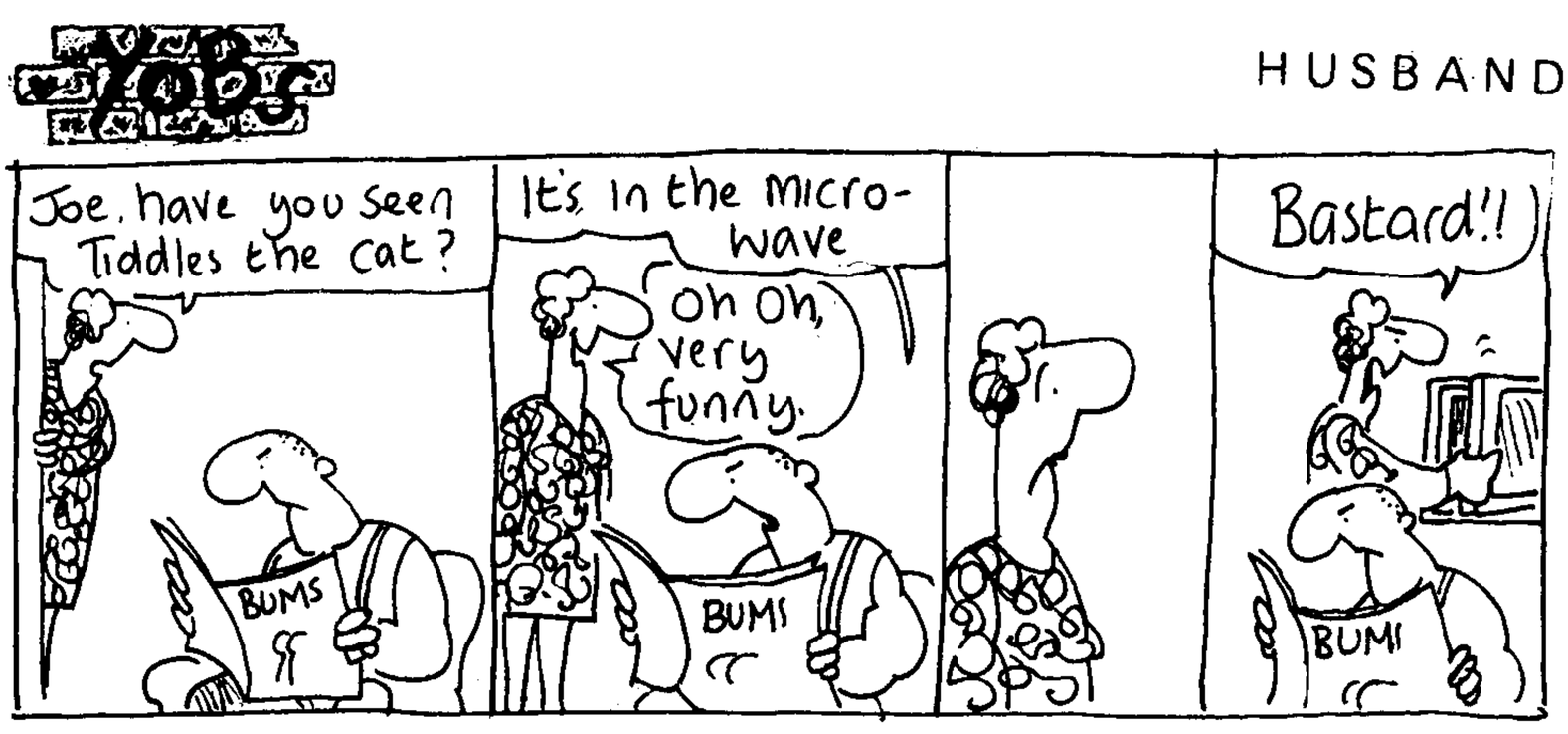
STOCKPORT

INCREASINGLY-LOONY Stockport council, a rare Labour-run borough amidst the riches of east Cheshire, has hit upon a novel way of dealing with its undeserving welfare claimants — it chases them beyond the grave in best Edgar Allan Poe-style!

One income support-claiming pensioner, 70-year-old Eleanor Wright, made a fundamental mistake whilst dealing with the borough social services — she died. The council were non-plussed and wrote back: "I have been informed by the Social Security that as from 9-5-90 you are no longer entitled to Income Support because you died."!

The council also demanded she return £50.64 wrongly sent to her. Although Mrs Wright has failed to respond to the letter from her netherworld hiding place, to date, the council have allowed her six weeks to appeal against the decision, advising her that "if there are exceptional circumstances which may cause you hardship in repaying this amount please contact the Housing Benefit section." So far, Mrs Wright hasn't rung Housing Benefits.

Psephologists reckon that Stockport is the most hung borough in the country, critics feel that hanging would be too good for most of their councillors.



campaign

Businessman's vital organ.

Here is the heart
That pumped the blood
That fed the brain
That thought of the plan
That did the deal,
That doubled the sales,
That tripled the profits
And earned the grateful
thanks of the share-holders.

Fig 1.
The heart.

ANON 1990
HONG KONG

Introducing The Designer Fitness Package of One-on-One fitness programmes for people who matter to shareholders. . .

South China Morning Post

Contributor: R.A. Parkes

All dismal advertising gratefully received. £10 paid for entries printed.

Sally Deedes

THERE are a lot of unhappy people around the country complaining about British Telecom's newly-introduced and extremely profitable 0898/0836 numbers which provide "information" lines and many obscene chat lines.

Callers complain that they are being charged considerable sums for calls they insist they have not made. One letter complaining about this situation was printed in the *Guardian*. It invited at least 30 others in response which gave their own version of the same story. BT claims that intruders had used their phones. They also set husbands against wives by suggesting that spouses were making calls of "a secretive nature". Others are being accused of making long and expensive phone calls, which they refute. All of them claim that BT officials are offhand and arrogant and complain about their difficulty in querying bills with a monopoly which has the ultimate weapon of disconnection.

One gentleman on social security who lives in Bradford with his son and disabled daughter had a phone installed in his house specifically to call for assistance in case of emergency. Every so often the phone emitted clicking sounds but they thought no more about it until they received their phone bill and discovered that they were being billed for several long and extremely expensive calls to the US which, they claimed, they had not made. BT was unhelpful; the meter was working correctly, there could be no mistake. With the help of a councillor they managed to track down the people who had received the calls. They identified the caller as a 16-year-old friend of the son. Yet the boy did not have a phone at home and since he had definitely not used their phone he had found a way of logging the calls to their line. Terrified that this could happen again, the family gave up their line and now have no means of contacting help.

In another instance, a coin-operated phone in a London library was found to have its lines crossed with a nearby newsagent. The newsagent's phone could only dial 999 yet it was clocking up enormous bills while the phone box was working scot free. BT claimed this was impossible and persisted in saying so until one library official rang New Zealand from the call box while still holding on to BT to check the meter; not surprisingly there was a hasty disconnection.

With the introduction of itemised phone bills, it is now possible to see where your calls have gone. Consequently, one elderly lady saw that she was being asked to pay for ten calls to Hollywood made in the space of ten minutes — almost an impossibility on her phone. BT suggested to one caller charged £145.00 for 0898 calls made between 12pm and 6am that his children, aged five and seven, could have been responsible. Yet another was charged for £250 worth of international reverse charge calls made to his one-way phone. BT insisted that someone had called from another number and billed the calls to his line, but they would not say whom.

Many bills are paid by Standing Order, consequently, many of us pay up without demur. So, to many subscribers, it appears that you are guilty until proven innocent — BT test your meter and finding it functioning correctly, state that you must pay up or be disconnected. The question they apparently don't ask is, whether anyone else is tapping into your line. Worried consumers can contact the Director General of the watchdog body OFTEL, Prof. Sir Bryan Carsberg. A compensation scheme funded by those operating the 0898 lines for subscribers who are disputing their bills is on 0800 500 212.

Meanwhile, as BT collect a steady income from this "service", is it only a coincidence that the piped music on the engineering line of BT's Westminster District comes from *The Sting*!

with Old Muckspreader

EITHER this column is being set up or there has been an outbreak of cheap, populist commonsense in Downing Street. A samizdat copy of a first draft of the Conservative's next manifesto arrives. It purports to be the work of the talented Mr Robin Harris from the Downing Street Policy Unit, but close textual criticism shows it lacks the references to "community" and to religious propriety we might expect from this earnest courtier. Judge for yourself:

"The Common Agricultural Policy

"All our opinion polls show that the extravagance and corruption of the Commission's agricultural policies are comprehended by the electorate. It is a potentially winning tactic to repudiate and condemn the squalor and folly of the CAP.

"The new ingredient is the ecological dimension. The CAP not only degrades our landscape at enormous cost, but it destroys the economies of Third World states, many in the Commonwealth. A public criticism of, say, the sugar beet industry of Europe, which is an entirely artificial creation of the Commission, would strike a note with just about everyone save a few thousand sugar beet farmers.

"The Labour Party could be wrong-footed altogether. The National Consumers' Council study puts a price of £15 per week on the grocery bill of each household. This is far more than the community charge. The Delors faction in the Labour Party would be revealed as indifferent to poverty and the interests of ordinary families.

"A manifesto commitment on reforming the CAP would be perfect politics and flawless economics."

Old Muckspreader can hardly believe such a series of irresponsible insights could survive long in Downing Street, or is The Bruges Group writing the manifesto now?

It is true the Tories could secure victory by blowing an almighty raspberry at Monsieur Delors' mad bureaucracy, but politicians are never that bold.

SOME evil people within close proximity to the malignancy called the Free Trade League are putting it about that mad cow disease is a by-product of Mr Heath's negotiations to join the Common Market in 1972.

The argument goes that the use of animal offal as a feedstock only occurred after the EEC had blocked the importing of cheaper soya bean and other feed sources from North and South America during the Grocer's years in office.

Although the cattle industry did make some limp representations as the Treaty of Accession was negotiated, both Mr Heath, Mr Rippon and Mr Prior pooh-poohed such notions as cheaper natural foods.

We summon all our columnar authority to say this is a grossly unfair suggestion. Tariff barriers have nothing to do with the price of our food nor its questionable quality. The poisoning of our food economy has nothing to do with our public policies — that's official.

PROFESSOR Sir Richard Southwood, the Linacre Professor of Zoology at Oxford, says that the Royal Commission on Pollution in 1979 warned that intensive subsidised agriculture "increases the risk of disease-bearing pathogens". This is demonstrable nonsense, as proved by the fact that Enoch Powell made the same silly claim at the time of Mr Heath's charm offensive in 1972. Sir Richard says pedigree books for cattle might mitigate the prospective disaster. That is a relief; there was a danger he might have argued for free markets.

MR Michael O'Kennedy, the Irish Republic's Farm Minister, ended his nation's presidency of the Commission by expressing regret that his plan to abandon vaccination against foot-and-mouth disease had failed.

His British counter-part, Mr Gummer, argued even more engagingly that rabbits must be put on a list of carriers of foot-and-mouth disease. He told his Euro colleagues this was a sensible idea, as the UK has no land frontiers.

The Irish Minister was able to confide to Her Majesty's Minister for Silly Subsidies that it does have a land border, and that even Irish rabbits would probably fail to read the official ban between Warrenpoint and Londonderry.

UN NEWS

EYE readers will remember the early resignation of Hocké, the Swiss UN High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) for boosting his lifestyle from funds donated by Denmark for refugees (*Eye* 728). He was not alone. In addition to the Danish fund he was diverting, there is a special UNHCR "Revolving Fund for Basic Amenities". It was set up many years ago to provide things like tents and portable latrines for staff having to work in the isolated, dangerous and uncomfortable conditions in which refugees are to be found.

And who would deny that those conditions are found in luxury blocks in New York, and London SW3? At least two staff felt the need for basic amenities in those places, and dipped the fund to embellish their homes. After all, like Hocké, they had been tapping the Danish Fund with impunity, to pay for first class fares and entertainment.

However, unlike Hocké, they keep on being kept on. It is felt that their survival owes much to the fact that UN head Perez De Cuellar's Chef de Cabinet, Virendra Dayal, was previously in UNHCR. Meanwhile, UNHCR is being forced to retrench its staff on the ground — for economy reasons.

Letters

Oiks

Sir,

As the one and only singer with The Blood, I can state categorically that Garry Bushell was never in our band, but he was our manager and a good bloke as well.

Garry's band were called The Gonads who weren't as great as us but you can't have everything.

By the way Gal (no-one ever called him "Gazza") was beaten up by the British Movement at an Angelic Upstarts gig at the 100 Club just before Christmas 1981. He was also branded a "race traitor" by Bulldog who printed his address.

The Gonads' bass player Si Spanner was stabbed by a BM member for the crime of being Jewish.

That's what the real Nazis thought of Garry Bushell and Oi music.

Yours,
J. HATE,
Cardinal Jesushate, The Blood.

Sir,

Re: Oaf Bushell

Predictably, Bushell's views on the "Strength Through Oi" album cover and the Southall Riot bear little resemblance to the official views of the time. When the atrocious sleeve blew up in his fat face Bushell was quick to point out that no tattoo had been observed and that he had no idea who the delightful chap in question even was. Bushell it appeared obvious, innocent and lovely, was cruelly misunderstood. Maybe this is why late night Oi-drinking buddies were invariably invited back to his house, so that his wife's considerable temper might wane before Bushell's arduous assault began on the apples and pears to Bedfordshire.

Sounds covered the riot well and it was accepted that a largely skinhead contingent in coaches provided by Mickey French, a larger than life "character" who ran the Last Resort shop in Aldgate (home of many a dodgy t-shirt), had arrived flying union jacks; their occupants only too quick to make a nuisance of themselves in shops along Southall Broadway. Facing such ridiculous provocation the Asian youths kicked ass.

TREVOR HENRY,
Tooting.

Sir,

I have an exclusive for you. A sinister sounding group just had a Number One single with a song about "En-ger-land!" Their name? New Order! Their previous name? Joy Division. Both names steeped in Nazi imagery. Will the Eye expose these "Nazis" at the top of our charts?

I feel you make yourself look rather foolish when you stray into areas like rock 'n' roll.

On a historical note, The Skids released an EP called Strength Through Joy on Virgin in February, 1981, about four months before Strength Thru Oi. Isn't it likely that this EP rather than any Hitlerite philosophy inspired the latter? Especially when you consider that the Oi album's credits also included Jesse Owens who did so much to dent the master race's hopes at the Berlin Olympics in 1936.

The embarrassment in Bushell's past isn't that he was too right-wing for the Sun but that he was too left-wing!

Yours faithfully,
D.A. RUSHTON,
Stifford Clays, Essex.

Sir,

Your connection between Gazza's IQ score and the tenor of his writing is very interesting (Street of Shame, Eye 744).

It is no accident that the theoretical background to IQ testing lies in the tradition of eugenics, racial supremacy and biological reductionism (Spearman and Birt, Mengele, Eysenck respectively). As a technique, it has now found only a very limited and circumscribed clinical role: Mensa's creed fails to recognise this and aims to demonstrate "scientific proof" of certain individuals' superiority. It hardly needs saying that a two or three digit number cannot give much measure of human worth; a point amply supported by your insights into the mentality of one particular high-scorer.

Yours sincerely,
DR REX HAIGH,
Eynsham, Oxford.

Suzuki, Grabbit & Runne

Sir,

Re: Street of Shame

The real problem with motorcycle journalists is that I can't bribe them. I know, I've tried. I may have stopped short of leaving new 'bikes in their hotel room, or large wads of folding stuff, but traditional liquid hackery has been applied on more than one occasion with only a hole in my wallet and an aching head to show for it.

On a mildly more serious note, most motorcycle manufacturers avoid excessive competition on freebies, but given the choice between a press launch in the wilds of wet Britain during freezing February, and a couple of days riding around where it is at least dry, you can see why these things tend to happen outside of the UK. It is difficult enough trying to get the photographs and riding impressions over a two-day period without having Britain's traffic, slippery roads and lousy weather to cope with as well.

Two further points: Tony Gearing always kept us informed on the Indie's rule, and never tried to pull any fast ones because of it. And Roland's appearing on the front of our brochure was indeed independent. We had quite a bunch of pics to choose from (we did, after all pay for the photographer), and chose that one because he had the prettiest helmet out of the other 7 riders.

Oh well, I suppose what the Indie does is up to it. But since we all launch our new bikes through press launches, it's going to be difficult for the Indie to be as up-to-date as other publications if it won't let its contributors come on these launches. Maybe we should make a charge for them?

Yours ever,
MIKE LOCKE,
Freebie Organiser and Alleged Marketing Manager,
Kawasaki Motors (UK) Ltd.

Stiff competition

Sir,

On page 6 of Eye 744, June 22nd 1990, you refer to Mr Alan Miskimmin of N. Ireland as winning the Sun's Spot The Ball contest. By strange coincidence I see Mrs Marie Miskimmin of Bangor, N. Ireland has won £22,000 in the Empire Stores draw.

Is this the long arm of coincidence, are the Miskimmins now a wealthy family or is there more than meets the eye? I think we should be told.

Sincerely,
SHEILA COMPTON (MRS),
Southgate, London.

Bob only knows

Sir,

Far be it from me to read The European (despite its ready availability in large quantities throughout Paris).

However, I was unable to avoid reading the statement by its editor, Ian Watson, published in Campaign and reprinted in your OBN column (Eye 742), according to which "Bob [Maxwell] came back from Europe".

Does the editor of The European not realise that Britain is in Europe?

Yours faithfully,
PARISIAN PEDANT (NANETTE PILKINGTON),
Paris.

Sign bored

Sir,

In "Street of Shame" last week, where you referred to the sales of The Independent on Sunday, you misquoted the sign in my office which actually reads:

The Life Cycle Of A Major Project
1. Wild enthusiasm
2. Disillusionment
3. Total confusion
4. Search for the guilty
5. Punishment of the innocent
6. Promotion of the non-participants.
We are still at STAGE ONE!!

Yours faithfully,
IAN WATSON,
The European.

A Neasden newsagent writes

Sir,

Re: Square Eyes, Eye 743

As a member of "an ethnic community", and a regular subscriber to PE, I must point out that the programme mentioned as "Asian Eye" is actually "Eastern Eye".

Best regards,
S PATEL.

Lookalike

Becker

Kinnock

Sir,

Have any of your readers noticed the remarkable similarity between the young Boris Becker and the equally young Neil Kinnock?

Apart from the occasional mis-timed volley, I wonder if, by any chance, they're related?

Yours faithfully,
GRAHAM WRAY,
Brighton.

Hit parade

Sir,

Lord Young of Suit only 11 weeks on the Top Ten Bores list? (Eye 744). Some mistake, or has someone been making payments of a dubious nature to keep him out of the Top Ten? Also how come Norman Stone and R. Maxwell, (prop), aren't there? They are certainly far more boring than Roy Hattersley because in order to bore one has first to have a modicum of coherence.

Yours fraternally,
KEITH FLETT,
London, N17.

Pie in the Sky

Sir,

I'm sure Mr Bickham is being completely honest about the Mail on Sunday and BSB, and there is a perfectly innocent explanation for the totally unbiased supplement on Satellite (and other) television with the Mail on Sunday, 17th June, particularly the wonderful cartoon on page 11, which puts even some of the more "subtle" of SKY pieces to shame.

Whatever the explanation is, I think we should be told.

Yours,
JULIAN BOOTH,
Altrincham, Cheshire.

I-SPY *New Zealand*

Submitted by Rob Shand. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Coming out

Sir,

I read the "Slicker" Question and Answer piece in your last issue. Fortunately you got it wrong — I am not out, in fact not even taking a count. Ain't life grand?

Yours faithfully,
FRANK WARREN,
London, WC1.

To er is human

Sir,

In view of Radio One DJ Simon Bates's alleged infallibility, I have to point out an error in his Diary in Eye 743. The quote from Gary Davies cannot possibly be correct, since it implies that he is capable of stringing together some twenty-odd words without inserting the word "er" at least once.

Perhaps if you print this letter, you should do so under the title "Jocks Trap" (geddit?).

Yours (literally),
DAVE HOWE,
Clacton-on-Sea, Essex.

Double breasted

Sir,

Bookworm could not be more right about the complexity of nomenclature among young ladies who work in publishing. Lennard has Arabella St John-Parker; Tauris has Emma Sinclair-Webb; Max Reinhardt has (I kid you not) Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon; while at Chapman and Hall it's all right if you want Joanna or Camilla, but if you ask for Helena the switchboard will need to know which one.

Regards,
N.C. BLACK,
Bedford.

WORLD CUP SPECIAL

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"He is without a doubt the greatest sweeper in the world, I'd say, at a guess."
RON ATKINSON, ITV
(Clement Harding)

"Haji has been probably the best player on the field without any question."
BOBBY CHARLTON, BBC2
(Richard Cohen)

"The ball sounds hollow to me."
JIMMY GREAVES, ITV
(K.J. Moore)

"Czechoslovakia ahead a goal to nil — that's a win if it stays that way."
COMMENTATOR, BBC2
(Michael Grosvenor Myer)

"A semi-final is, as we all know, a semi-final — it's the old cliché."
TERRY NEILL, Capital Gold
(Nicholas White)

"There's no such thing as an easier route, but it's an easier route."
BOBBY ROBSON, BBC1
(Michael Strafford)

"And they've visibly grown in stature — even the 5ft 6in Ramirez."
ALAN PARRY, ITV
(Anon)

"He [Van Basten] was lucky to not avoid getting sent off."
TREVOR FRANCIS
(Stuart Comer)

"At 34 nobody will feel the heat more than him."
COMMENTATOR, ITV
(Peter L. Griffiths)

"All the Argentinians swarmed around him — most of all Maradona."
BRIAN MOORE, ITV
(E.D. Barnes)

"Because there is such a big difference in times, the matches will be recorded and shown either before or afterwards."
IAN FISHER, Radio Bahrain
(Shirley Dockerill)

Brian Moore: *"...the whistle's gone, Ray Houghton clearly 4 or 5 yards offside..."*
Ron Atkinson: *"Yes, but for me that's when Houghton is at his most dangerous."*
ENGLAND v EIRE, BBC1
(Harry Eastwood)

"There are two ways of getting the ball — one way is from your own players, and that's the only way."
TERRY VENABLES, BBC TV
(Laurence Inman)

"That ball was glued to his right foot, all the way to the back of the net."
ALAN PARRY, ITV
(Paul Cardin)

"This night of disappointment has been brought to you by ITV and National Power."
BRIAN MOORE, ITV
(John Scott)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

Letter from **Nice**

from Our Own Correspondent

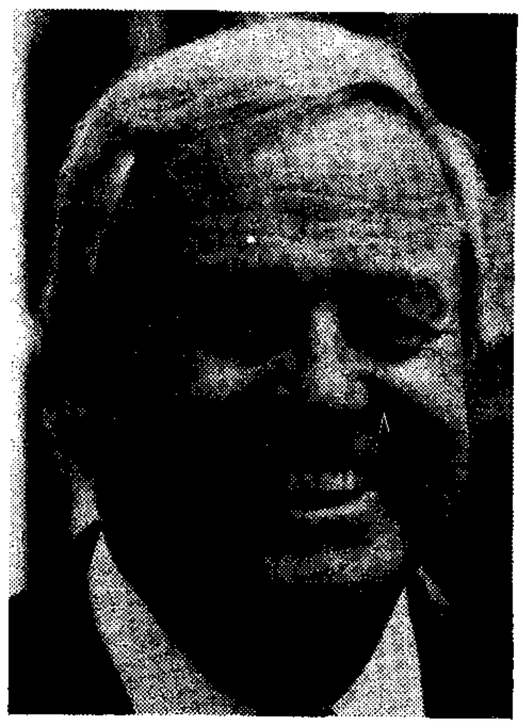
OUR journalist mayor Jacques Medecin (his father Jean was mayor before him) is now well and truly in the *merde* over his business activities and unsavoury political alliances.

"Jacquou", as he is known, has been in court in Grenoble where an examining judge is trying to pick his way through the financial maze that surrounds him.

Part of the inquiries concern a newspaper, *L'Action Nice Cote d'Azur*. Jacques was the majority shareholder of the paper's parent company, SEGAT, until June last year when his shares were hurriedly passed to a friend. Various local associations funded by the city — the opera house, congress centre and regional development body — took regular and heavy advertising in *L'Action*. Indeed, the city's protocol and tourism departments paid over £17,000 directly to SEGAT.

But far more worrying, however, especially since the recent desecration of Jewish graves in Carpentras, is Jacquou's seemingly friendly association with National Front leader Jean-Marie Le Pen.

Here in Nice the *Front National* polls around 20 per cent of the vote. When Jacques, who represents the Gaullist RPR party, roughly equivalent to the British Conservatives, started to doubt that he could get his budget through the city council without FN support, he invited Le Pen to Nice. Le Pen brought a friend with him, one Franz Schonhuber, a former Waffen SS officer and president of the far-right Republican Party in West Germany.



JEAN-MARIE LE PEN: "Wish you weren't here"

It is not known what Jacques' Jewish grandmother might have made of this manoeuvring, but Jews living in Nice were scandalised. Three of Medecin's deputies resigned and when interviewed on television about it Medecin said: "I do not know a Jew who refuses a present he's given, even if it doesn't suit him. I don't for my part know a mayor who can say 'I refuse votes which are brought to me'."

Meanwhile France's major traditional political groupings are in turmoil. Huge factional rows grip the socialist party as members jockey for the right to stand for president when Mitterrand steps down in 1995. The various centre and right-wing parties which make up the UDF and RPR groupings of the opposition are also falling out as faction leaders position themselves to oppose the socialists. The Communist Party has nearly collapsed and the only party growing confidently is the National Front.

Racist attacks, often apparently random and sometimes murderous, are on the increase, while denunciations of violence and racism by the politicians are accompanied by total muddle on the underlying question of immigration. The government response — working parties, committees and declarations — convinces neither opponents nor supporters.

The opposition parties are meanwhile tied in knots of pusillanimity. The Gaullist secretary-general, Alain Juppé (regarded as an implacable enemy by more than 90 per cent of National Front activists, according to a recent poll), managed to announce, in the wake of Medecin's declaration, that it would not be necessary to expel him from the RPR because he hadn't paid his dues since 1987.

10 Downing Street
Whitehall

Dear Bill,

Sorry to hear your dinner at the Carlton Club with One-Buttock Shrimsley was so rudely interrupted by our Irish friends. Let's hope the RAC are a little more careful about who they let in.

As usual, the Bogtrotters' Gazette was a bit behind the times, relying on an early edition of the Anatomy of Britain, and not taking into account just how appalling the food at the Carlton had become over the last couple of years. The Leprechaun Heavy Brigade had been hoping for an impressive bag to include the Boss, Oyster Eyes and Mogadon Man, all of whom they pictured spooning up the Brown Windsor in the front window as they planned the latest moves to stop Ginger Nuts. Mogadon was in fact the only one within earshot, and he was feeding his face at a local Japanese restaurant with person or persons unknown, and had to scuttle out like a white rabbit, wiping the fragments of raw fish off his chin, to voice the Government's message of defiance to their Irish tormentors.

Had Brer Howe fallen a victim to their high explosives (I may say and entirely entre nous), there are those not a million miles from Downing Street who would have been not entirely displeased. Since his demotion last summer, when they gave his job to little Major and then to that one with the strangulated voice, Hurd, our friend has been brooding, somewhat in the manner of Sailor Ted. Do you remember Bazza Wibley who was passed over for the job of i/c Parts Distribution Far East when Prosser Cluff had to go into the Funny Farm and there was a bit of a shake-up at KL? I remember the old boy sitting at Board Meetings, shuffling worry-beads and refusing to speak to the Chairman except to say "Yes" or "No" and always slamming the door when he went out. Perfectly able bloke, albeit Australian. In the end they had to invalid him out, and he retired to Bexhill an extremely bitter man.

Anyway, Boris says that Howe's demeanour in Cabinet is very similar, always looking out sulkily from under his brows and pretending to do the *DT* Crossword Puzzle, which Boris says is beyond him anyway. According to whoever Boris' source is in the Cabinet Room, when Margaret tried to draw him into a discussion about the Channel Tunnel he went on doodling Hitler faces on his blotter, blushed and eventually blurted out "I see little point in my proffering my view, since yours will prevail, whatever any of us says or does".

This clearly leaves the advertising chaps with a bit of a problem. As you know, M. has tried before to boot him upstairs onto the Woolsack, which he resisted, and heaving him out altogether which might well cause the product to "wobble" imagewise before the upcoming election campaign. If you ask me, his talkative wife must take the blame. She has always persisted in seeing her little Welsh goose as a swan, and now hates the Boss so much that she even joined up with the woman with the teeth on the TV and other publicity seekers to spend the night in a cardboard box on the Embankment to protest against the Government's "lack of compassion" in their attitude to the Homeless.

I should say that what really gets Margaret's goat is little Howe's persistent refusal to fall into line with the new Front Bench TV Etiquette. This involves anyone who is sitting adjacent to the PM to turn up every Monday morning for Nodding and Laughing Classes under the direction of David Jacobs. Then, when the little light goes red, indicating that the Boss is On Air, they all have to bunch up behind her, gazing rapturously at the back of her head, nodding and laughing hysterically at Sir Custardface's rotten old jokes as got wrong by my little woman. At these moments, however, Mogadon may be seen feigning sleep or worse still pretending to pick winners out of *The Sporting Life*.

Another casualty of recent days is poor old Smarmy C., who was singled out for blame for failing to do his sums on the Nuclear Sell-Off. I heard his anguished tones reverberating up through the Axminster from M's den when she was putting him through the mincer. "But, Margaret, you said you wanted more and more nuclear power stations to screw Mr Scargill! I was only obeying your instructions!" "How dare you?" countered a familiar operatic baritone, "I warned you! I was never convinced by the nuclear argument! Oh, Cecil, you have disappointed me! You could have been destined for high office! Who knows, when I step down, you might have stepped up…" I could hear Parky's sobs from the room above as the Boss persisted. "But, now, look at you! A sad, lined, old man! Vice and self-indulgence etched in every line! I am ashamed of you! To think, if you had any real spunk, we could have privatised the British Rail by now, sold it off, closed it down, built private motorways with special lanes for lorries, for which they would have been happy to pay a handsome toll. But no, no, you were too busy with your share deals and your philanderings. Loyalty, oh where is loyalty? Go, Cecil, go, and close the door behind you, I have a great deal of work to do." The tell-tale click of the door, and the sound of retreating footsteps across the hall wrang my withers, but I cannot say I could quite bring myself to offer the poor sod a snort.

Bell has now handed me four pages of Do's and Dont's for the Mandela State Visit, during which I shall be squiring Madam Winnie. No references to football teams, she doesn't play golf, and Bell has written across the bottom "Watch your step or you'll get a rubber necklace".

See you at the Centre Court. I'm sorry your tout could only get you the BBC Box, but I'm sure we can provide you with a stiffener from Maurice's Masonic Hamper.

Yours with the Mixed Doubles,

Denis

TRUE STORIES

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

Illuminated by BERT KITCHEN

SPEAKING in his own defence, Mr C.A. Warner of Cambourne said that the police had made a mistake. They thought he was the man at the wheel of the Jaguar doing 110 mph, but any resemblance he might have had to that car's driver was "totally coincidental" as he had not seen the vehicle since he sold it two years ago.

The fact that a man of a similar appearance to himself could be seen in the police video, taken while the unknown driver was being questioned, was another physical accident.

Furthermore, that he, Mr Warner, and the other both had large black beards, wore glasses, walked with a limp and stuttered merely went to show that looks were deceptive.

INVITED to the dress rehearsal of a musical play written to celebrate the return of a victorious Egyptian soldier to his village on the Nile, Mr Farouk el Morshidi advised that the production be postponed.

"The performance, which was meant to be one and a half hours long, had not yet reached its climax when I left after three hours," he said. "During this time the prompter had to shout the principal's lines at the top of his voice, partly because the music was so loud and partly because the principal kept shouting 'What?'. The hero,

Shoeir, enters to a funeral march, which gives the impression that he is dead, or a ghost, but certainly not a victor. When it turns out that he has, in fact, only lost his memory, some more convincing way of restoring this faculty should be found that knocking him on his head with a cricket bat wielded by his mother.

"However," Mr el Morshidi concluded, "if the show is allowed to go on the sentences extracted from the President's recent speeches and introduced into the love songs as spoken asides should be dropped."

CHARGED with throwing a pint of beer over PC Henry Williams while that officer was patrolling the Swanage seafront, Mr Cob Rodney, a bookmaker's clerk, said: "I thought he was in fancy dress."

"ELDERLY politicians, of all people, should know how to behave in public," said Mr Tsao Jih-Chang, the Taiwanese funerario, during an inquiry into the disturbances at the gate of his Chinshan cemetery.

"I am a democratic patriot, as well as a millionaire," he continued. "My cemetery overlooks the Eastern Sea, its pagoda is air-conditioned, fully piped, and has an escalator. Knowing that the average age of our National Assemblymen is 75, and having established by research that they die at the rate of one every fourteen weeks, I advertised a 30 per cent discount on prime plots to any Representative who retired before the New Year. 150 Representatives are already in Chinshan Cemetery. We thought that others might appreciate an opportunity to rest beside them. We did not expect a greyhaired mob attacking the cemetery gates as if they were students rather than national leaders."

MR PAUL KOU, an Indian football referee of nine years standing, has been suspended by the National Football Association of India until April 1995.

"This was an historic decision," said Mr Iqubal Singh, the Association's spokesman. "To scale the peaks of obscenity after so long a clean career was a shock to thousands. After Mr Kou denied Mohun Baghan a penalty against Kumaresh, the match was drawn and the Baghan supporters made a strong verbal protest — to which Mr Kou responded by poking his raised middle finger into the air.

"This provoked the fans into a screaming rage, whereupon Mr Kou lowered his trousers and broke wind in the direction of the stands. Thereafter the pitch was covered by a shower of beercans and lemonade bottles."

INFORMATION: The West Briton 8.2.90; Cairo Today 12.4.90; Bournemouth Evening Echo 20.1.90; Taiwan Post 26.12.89; Calcutta Telegraph 12.4.90.

MONITORS: Anon, Derek Smith, L. Rowland, Anon, Jack Pregar.

6 JULY 1990 ● THE SUNDAY TIMES

TOP TEN BORES

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on List
1	Lord Rees-Mogg	1	3650
2	Luciano Pavarotti	—	—
3	Geoffrey Boycott	2	6
4	Clive James	1	110
5	Malcolm Bradbury	—	—
6	Lord Young	10	12
7	David Calcutt QC	—	—
8	Roy Hattersley	2	5
9	Ivana Trump	5	17
10	Sir Terence Conran	9	3

Compiled by the British Institute of Bores in association with Borewatch.
We acknowledge the assistance of the Garrick Club and the Royal Masonic Society in the compilation of the Bores.

THE BEST TOWN!

MARGARETTE

She was a simple girl from the sticks — but she had a vision. And then the miracles began. And then they stopped. It was the greatest story ever told. The story of one woman's fight against everybody.

MARGARETTE

The new People's Musical that they said could never make it.

HIT SONGS INCLUDE

Underneath the Saatchis
Pizzicato Polltax
Thank Heavens for Cecil Parkinson
Have you Hurd, he's one of my stars
The Galloping Inflation Major
The Downing Street Where I Live

and a host more.

A Message from the Management

In recent weeks there has been a concerted campaign of vilification against this wonderful show, now in its eleventh glorious year. The critics have said it should be taken off just because it's no good. What they forget is that *Margarette* has been devotedly supported by millions of ordinary people, many of whom have given up their life savings to pay the poll tax.

Here are just some of the individuals who have worked night and day to make *Margarette* a success:

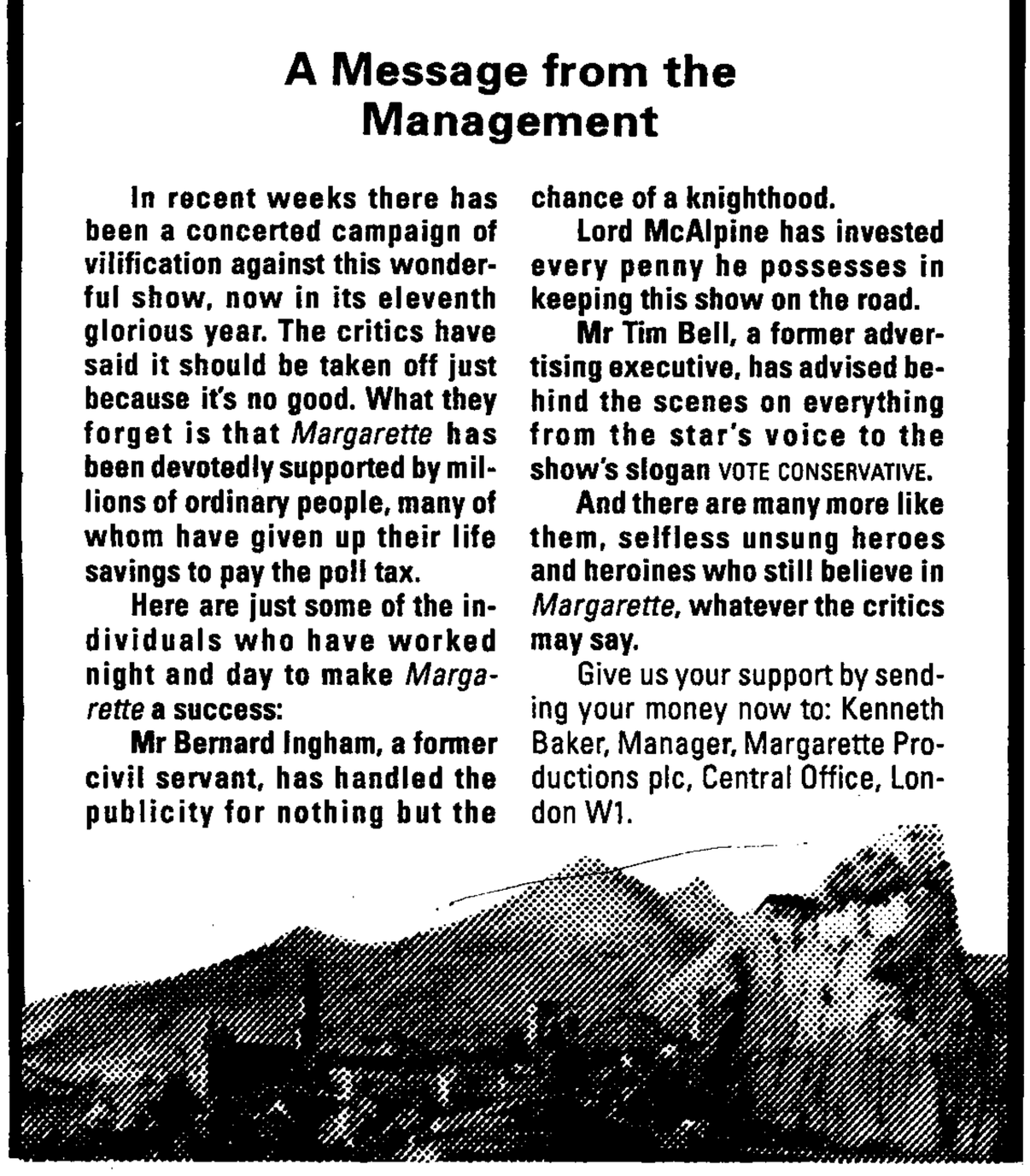
Mr Bernard Ingham, a former civil servant, has handled the publicity for nothing but the chance of a knighthood.

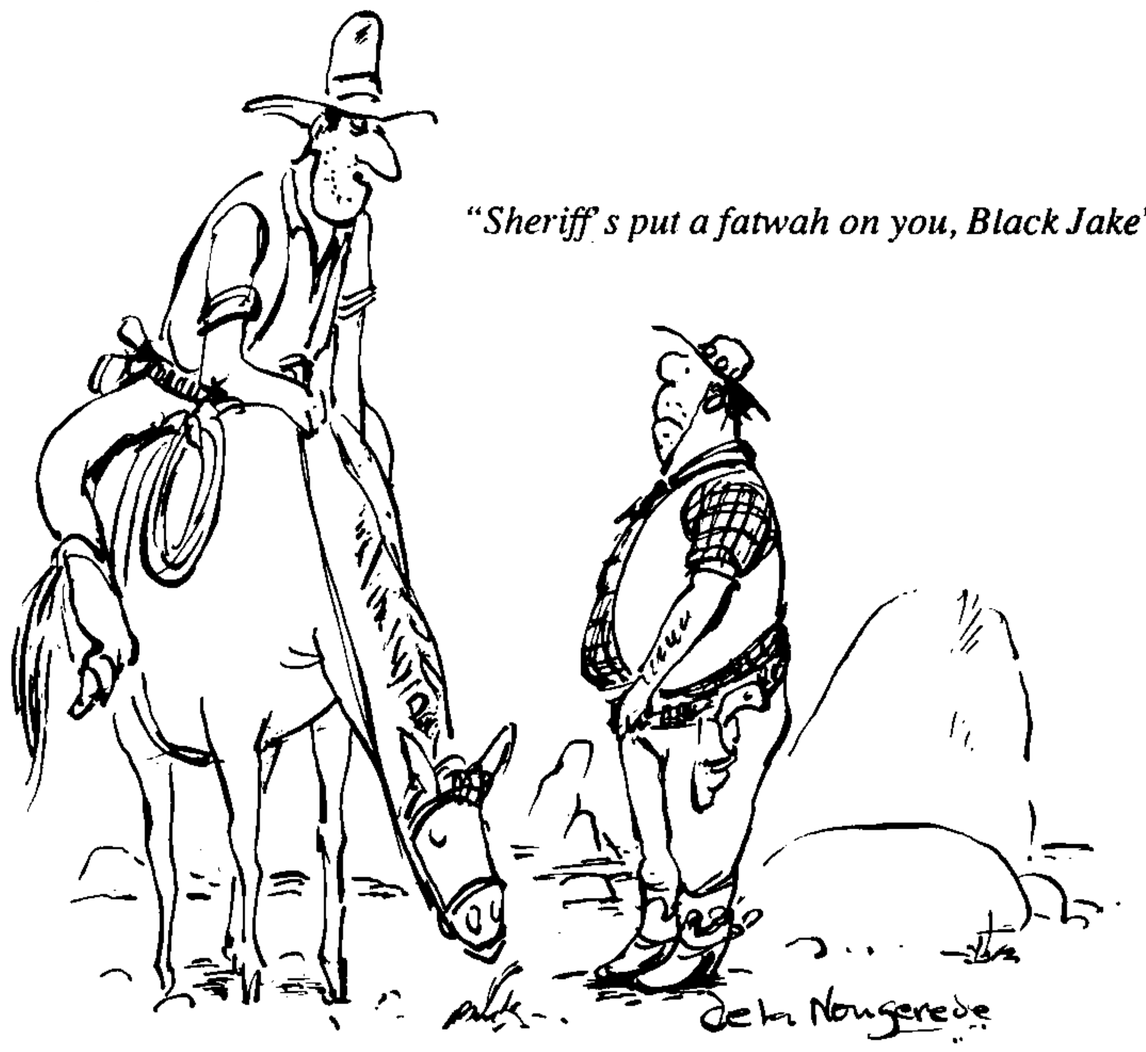
Lord McAlpine has invested every penny he possesses in keeping this show on the road.

Mr Tim Bell, a former advertising executive, has advised behind the scenes on everything from the star's voice to the show's slogan VOTE CONSERVATIVE.

And there are many more like them, selfless unsung heroes and heroines who still believe in *Margarette*, whatever the critics may say.

Give us your support by sending your money now to: Kenneth Baker, Manager, Margarette Productions plc, Central Office, London W1.





"Sheriff's put a fatwah on you, Black Jake"

That FBI videotape in full

(Black man in room with prostitute)

PROSTITUTE: Hi, Marion, the Mayor of Washington DC, powerful black leader and alleged drug addict. Would you like some illegal crack?

MARION BARRY: No, thank you.

PROSTITUTE: Come on, Big Boy, why don't you have some of this proscribed substance just for little me?

MARION FAITHFUL: No, I don't do that stuff.

PROSTITUTE: Read my lips, just say yes.

MAID MARION: No, seriously, I don't want to break the law.

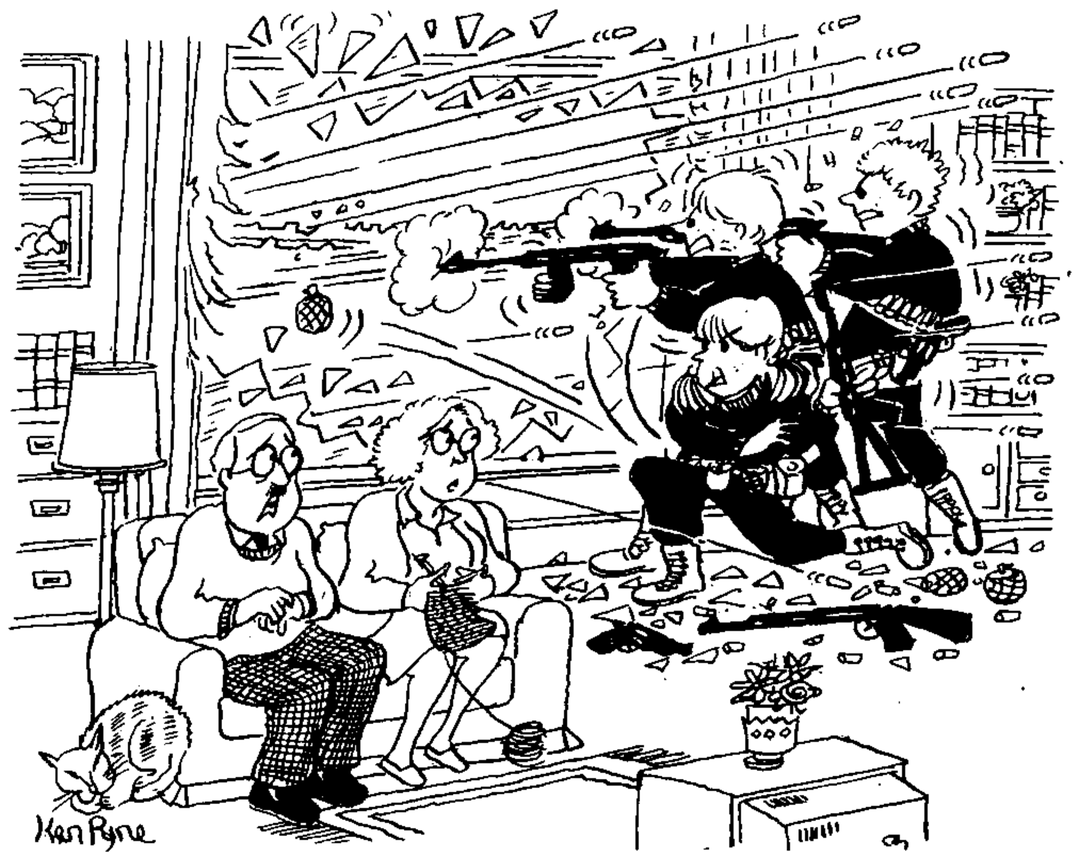
PROSTITUTE: Well, have a large slug of Scotch, come next door and you'll get so confused I can shove it in your mouth.

MARION BARRY: Thanks, Honey.

PROSTITUTE: Can you speak up and stand nearer the camera?

VOICE OFF: Hold on, we're changing reels.

(To be continued)



"Have you noticed how the children never seem to confide in us any more?"

COURT CIRCULAR

The Official Celebrations To Mark The 60th Day Before The 190th Birthday Of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother In Case She Pegs Out Beforehand. A Procession was formed as follows:

1st Television Van
Sir David Dimblebore, Miss Chantal Clipboard (research assistant), Ted Noggins (cameraperson).

First Coach
Her Majesty The Queen Mother, HRH the Princess Yvonne, HRH Prince Brian, Sir Alan Fitztightly, Lady Ermintrude Rees-Mogg.

Second Coach
Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, Gen. Eisenhower, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Bomber Harris, Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington (courtesy of Madame Tussaud's).

1st Band
The Pipes and Drums of the Conrad Black Watch, Toronto (Theme from the Air Canada Commercial).

1st Lorry
Brig. Elspeth Prunehat, GOC Woman's Royal Armoured Meals on Wheels Corps and Helpers.

1st Animal
Monty the Goat, mascot of the 22nd/33rd Lifebuoy Household Troop (sponsored by PowerGen).

2nd Lorry
Sir Max Sunshine and members of the Royal Benevolent Charitable Showbusiness Self-Promotion Get-To-Meet-The-Royal-Family Association.

1st Clapped-Out Old Banger
Justice Michael Davies.

2nd Animal
Maggie the Mad Cow (representing the British Vegetarian Society).

FLY PAST

1st Spitfire
Squadron-Leader Nobby Moustache DFC and Bar.

1st Hurricane
Group-Captain Bunty Neckscarf DFC and Bar.

1st Lancaster
Col. Brad "Rodeo" Clippenheimer of the Texas Confederate World War Two Fliers Combat Squadron.

1st Float (sponsored by the National Trust)
Miss Jerome Hall (by kind permission of Sir Michael Jagger) dressed as the newly-renovated Queen's House in Greenwich.

2nd Band
The Royal Guild of City of London Accountants Jazz Band (Jailhouse Rock, arr. E. Saunders).

On Foot
Veterans of the Chelsea Flower Show; Newmarket Stable Lads; The Estate Staff, Castle-of-Mey; The Cast of *Blitz*.

3rd Animal
Lonnie the Gerbil, mascot of the 1st Battalion, the Animals Liberation Army (shurely RSPCA?)

(That's enough procession, Ed.)

The "Queen Mum at 190" She's-a-Knockout Celebration Parade was organised and sponsored by English Heritage, in association with the Mishaigoni Corporation of Tokyo.

"Well, the future sounds bleak for me – what about Lady Macbeth, she's a Virgo?"

Mandela hails Maxwell

by Our Sanctions Correspondent
Johann S. Burg

Mr Nelson Mandela today embraced publishing tycoon Robert Maxwell, calling him "the friend of Black Africa and the comrade of the People's Struggle".

The emotional tribute came when Mr Maxwell promised unconditionally to halt all deliveries of his newspaper *The European* to South Africa.

Said Maxwell: "Naturally we will lose massive sales, but this is a small price to pay to show our solidarity with Mr Maxwell's long campaign for a democratic South Africa."

The sanctions have already started to bite, as desperate Johannesburg newsagents pleaded with Maxwell not to cut off supplies of *The European*.

Colour Issue

"This will only hurt those it is meant to aid," said a spokesman. "Thousands of men will lose their jobs in the newspaper pulping industry."

But Mr Maxwell was unrepentant. "The millions of copies that would normally be unsold in South Africa will now be airlifted to Iran and turned into temporary shelters for the homeless."

Howe for Seychelles

by Our Political Staff
Sir Alan Watneys

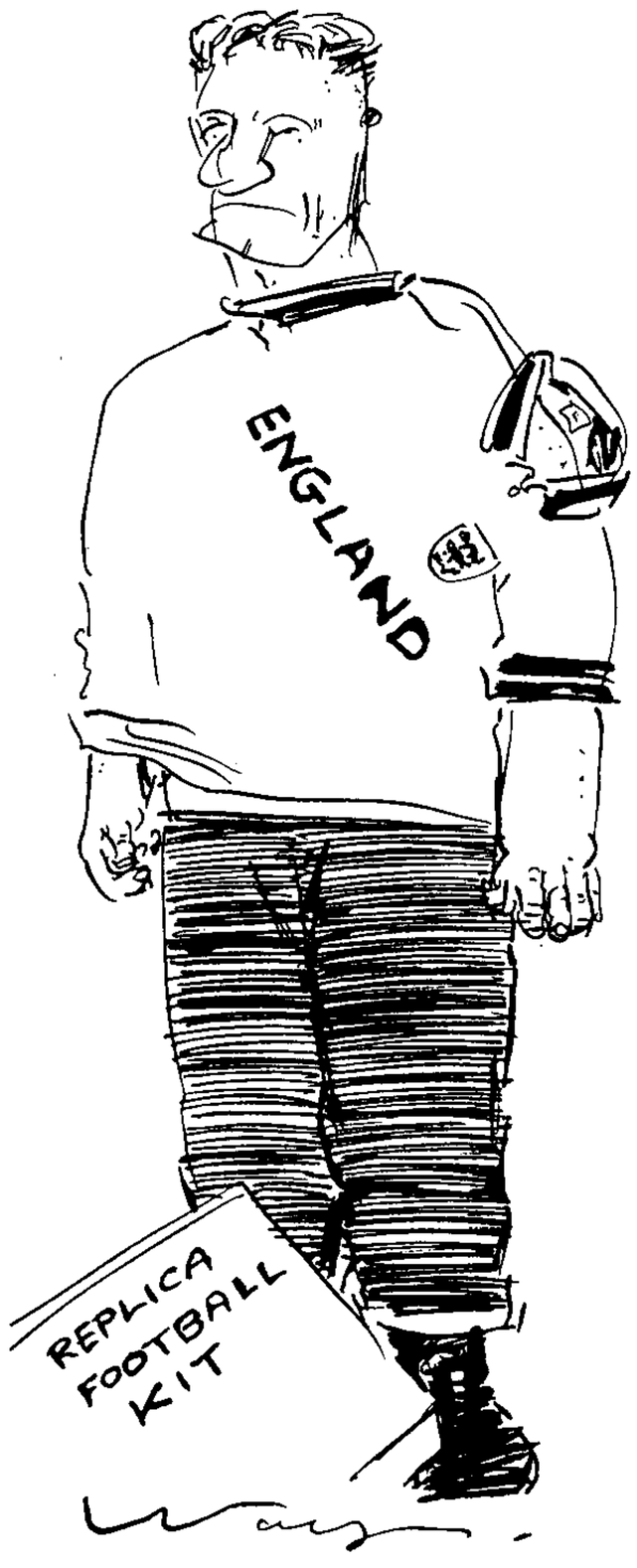
A top government source, very close to 10 Downing Street, last night told me that there is a very strong possibility that Sir Geoffrey Howe may soon be rewarded for his "years of intense personal loyalty to the Prime Minister" by being given the coveted overseas posting of Governor of the Seychelle Islands.

It is believed that a year or two administering this key strategic outpost of the Commonwealth would help to broaden Sir Geoffrey's experience. It is known that Sir Geoffrey has long indicated to friends that he would like to widen his interests by spending more time on a desert island a long way from Mrs Thatcher.

Top Tories were last night denying suggestions of any rift between Sir Geoffrey and the Prime Minister. Rumours that they had not spoken a single word to each other since Mrs Thatcher sacked him from the Foreign Office last summer were merely idle tittle-tattle based on nothing more than what Sir Geoffrey has been telling everyone who would listen for weeks.

Last night, Downing Street issued a strong denial of the earlier lobby briefing. "The Seychelles job is far too important to be entrusted to an embittered and clapped-out old has-been like Geoffrey. He will be very lucky to get the job of Postmaster-General in the Pitcairn Islands."

Mr Bernard Ingham is 65.



Apology

In recent weeks, we, like all other sports commentators, editors, and writers, may have given the impression that we thought Cameroon were in some sense unworthy to participate in the World Cup. We may further have appeared to be saying that their presence in Italy was a fluke of the system whereby token Third World clubs were included as a sop to international opinion.

Headlines such as THESE CAMACOONIES ARE LOONIES **and** WE'LL STUFF 'EM FIFTY-NIL **may have mistakenly led readers to believe that the independent nation of Cameroon were, in some way, unskilled in the art of football, becoming excitable in defence and naive in front of the goal, due to their only recent descent from the giant rainforest trees of their delightful country.**

We now accept that there was not a scintilla of truth in any of the above and we are happy to make clear that the Cameroons are without doubt one of the most exciting footballing nations to have emerged from this current tournament.

We apologise unreservedly to these Lions of Africa who have shown heart, courage, determination and an ability to lose to England for which we are profoundly grateful.

New Parky Shock

by Our Industrial Staff
Myra Hinkley-Pointless

The Prime Minister denied last night that the Transport Minister, Cecil Parkinson, had been fired from office after the debacle over the attempted sell-off of the Electricity Industry.

"I have the fullest confidence in Mr Parkinson," she told reporters. "His position is unassailable. However, I have decided at his own request to return Mr Parkinson to the private sector. He will be auctioned off to the highest bidder, as is customary with clapped-out ministers, and I have every confidence that he will be a leaner, fitter, non-entity than ever he was in the public sector."

Mrs Thatcher is 90.

DAN DIRE
PILOT OF THE FUTURE?
by HUGH STUN
SCANDAL ROCKED THE GALAXY AS THE MAGGON'S FORMER FAVOURITE, SPACE BARON YOUNG AWARDED HIMSELF A PLUM JOB. . .
WHO SAID WE HAVEN'T CREATED JOBS? I GOT ONE, SKULLMAN GOT ONE, BLUBBA GOT HUNDREDS.
IT'S JOBS FOR THE BORES!
SELF-INTEREST RATES ARE UP!
ALL ABOARD THE GRAVY TRAIN! THE ONLY TRAIN THE MAGGON WILL INVEST IN!
SHARE MAN
ON ROSE-1 DESPITE THE CHANGE OF COURSE, DIRE AND PIGBY WERE FALLING BACK INTO THE MAGGON'S FORCE FIELD. . .
THE POPULAROMETER IS ON THE BLINK. IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE LEAD?
YES. YOU'RE TERRIBLE.
NO, I MEANT THE LIVE WIRE.
JOHN SMITH? NO, HE'S TERRIBLY GOOD.
PLUMETTIN' POLLS!
MEANWHILE THE MAGGON SUMMONED THE GENERALS OF HER IMPERIAL GUARD. . .
GENTLEMEN, YOU NO LONGER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE RED MENACE.
YEAH. DIRE'S USELESS.
SO IT IS NECESSARY TO REDUCE OUR ARMED FORCES.
DOES THAT MEAN WE'RE DEFENCELESS AGAINST ATTACK?
ABSOLUTELY. THANK YOU FOR YOUR LOYAL SERVICE. YOU'RE FIRED.
HER PENNY-PINCHING MANDARINS HAD EVEN CUT BACK THE STARFIGHTER COMMAND. . .
MAYDAY! CIVIL SERVANT COMING IN AT 09.00...
AND LEAVING IN TIME TO CATCH THE 4.30 TO HAYWARDS HEATH.
CRIKEY! I'VE BEEN HIT BY A P-757(b)!
THAT'S THE MOST LETHAL CANCELLATION FORM IN THE GALAXY. AND IT'S IN TRIPLICATE.
DON'T WORRY. OUR MINISTER'S ARGUING IT OUT WITH THE TREASURY.
YIKES! A LAP-DOG FIGHT!
MEANWHILE ROBOFLOP II, THE MAGGON'S MOST HOPELESS TOOL WAS IN MORE TROUBLE FOR HIS MALFUNCTIONING NUCLEAR CAPABILITY. . .
YOU SAID NUCLEAR POWER WASN'T DANGEROUS — BUT IT'S GOING TO COST YOU YOUR JOB.
SELECT COMMITTEE REPORT
YOU DIDN'T ACCEPT ADVICE, ROBOFLOP.
I DON'T ACCEPT THAT.
IT'S THE STORY OF HIS CAREER — HALF-MAN, HALF-MACHINE, HALF-COCK!

A TALE OF INNOCENCE CORRUPTED...

LORD of the LIES

A group of businessmen is let loose on an island. Within minutes they try to establish an ideal society based on the free market. But it is not long before the law of the bungle reasserts itself, and one of their number, Lord Suit, emerges as their leader, with the ceremonial title of "Secretary of State for Trade and Industry". From his position of newfound power, he distributes "sweeteners" to his followers...

CAST

LORD SUIT . . . . . George Cole
CECIL . . . . . Griff Rhys-Jones
NORMAN . . . . . Rowan Atkinson
"PIGGY" LAWSON . . . . . Mel Smith
U.S. MARINE . . . . . Col. North
MAN ON RAFT . . . . . David Frost

NOW SHOWING AT THESE GNOMEONS

Golding Green	**Harrihook**
Puttnam	**Winner**
Attenborough	**Jarman Park**

Let's Parler ECUs

avec **Kilometres Kington** de *l'Independent*

Dans Le Magasin

HOMME: Bonjour, squire, je vois que vous avez un huge pile de l'European next de la porte.

M. PATEL: Mon dieu, vous avez raison, guvnor. C'est un vrai fire hazard. Mais chacque semaine c'est la même histoire. Pauvre M. Maxwell, ha, ha, ha. Il a perdu un paquet absolu avec regard à this one. Mais qu'est-ce-que c'est que vous want ce matin?

HOMME: Seulement un Yorkie Bar, s'il vous plait. C'est combien?

M. PATEL: Voilà, monsieur. C'est deux livres et 79 pee.

HOMME: Oh non, je veux payer en ecus. Combien d'ecus?

M. PATEL: Je n'etais pas born hier. Qu'est-ce que vous think vous êtes playing at?

HOMME: Non, vraiment. Madame Thatch a dit que c'est une terrific idea pour everyone d'avoid la choice de payer en ecus or leur own currency.

M. PATEL: Ecoutez, squire, je run un shop ici, pas un bloody banque.

HOMME: Non, c'est tres simple. *(Takes out pocket calculator and copies of various financial pages from that morning's newspapers)* Maintenant, l'ecu etais standing at 4.268 D'marks hier en Frankfurt. Et le D'mark a monté a 62.6 contre un basket de Euro-currencies, et en Barcelona il etait 27 degrees celsius avec 12 cm snow cover à Aspen, Colorado...

AUTRE HOMME IN HURRY: Je n'connais pas qu'est-ce que vous think vous êtes up to, mais some of us have un porn mag et un paquet de Panatellas à acheter.

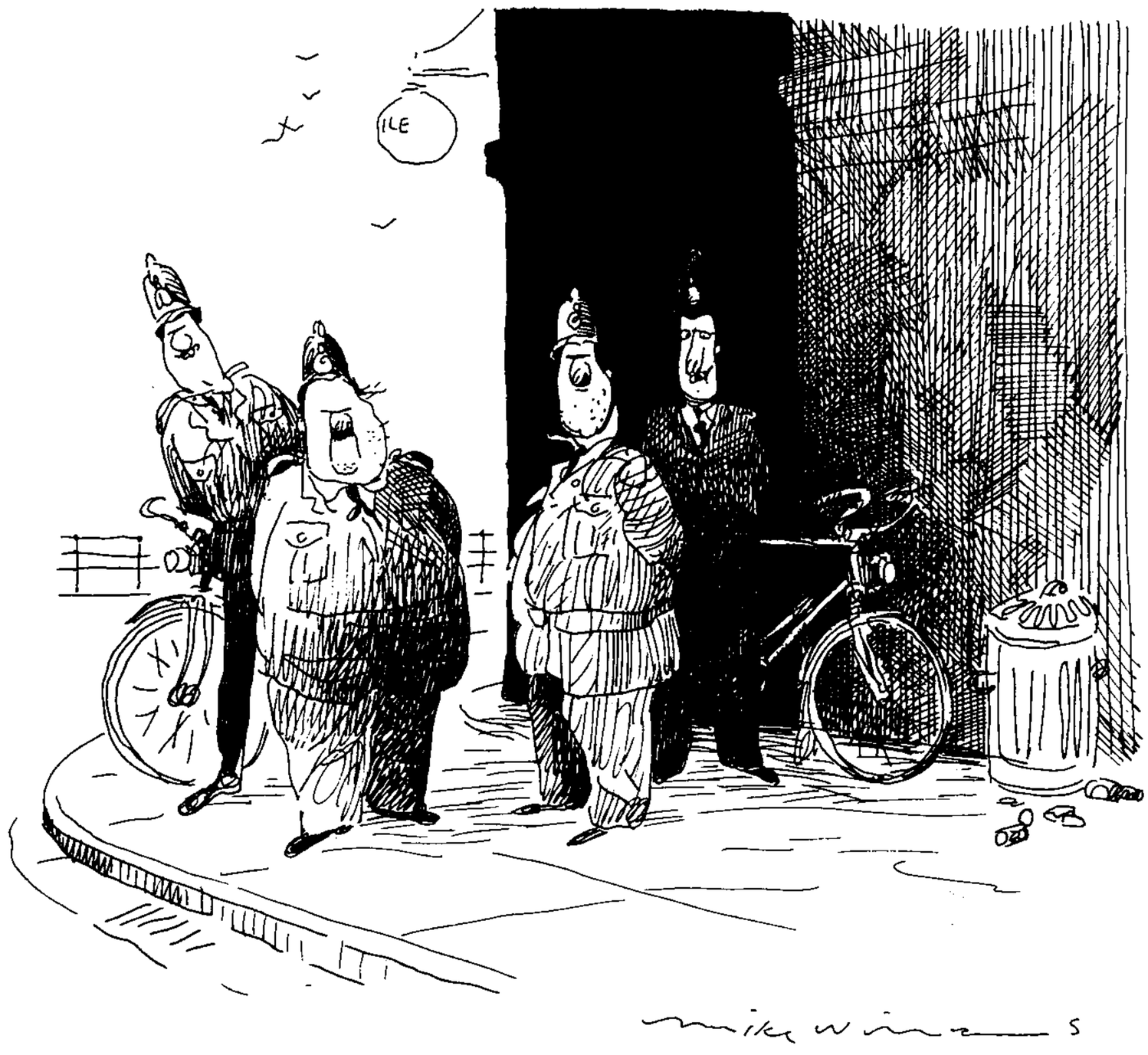
M. PATEL: Ah, M. Addio! C'est vous, le plus fameux journaliste footballique en Neasden!

HOMME: ...en Belge, on trouve que l'ecu est standing firm against le long-bond Americaine. So, mon Yorkie Bar should couter approximatyement 712.674 ecus. *(Produces 5000-ecu note)* Avez vous de change pour this one? Il porte la picture de Marcel Marceau, le père de mime European.

PATEL: Z-z-z-z...

QUEUE *(by now stretching down street):* Z-z-z-z-z...

'PWLLHELI VICE'



The ANC Songbook

No. 94: Old Mandela

Old Mandela
That old Mandela
He must know something
He don't say nothin'
He just keeps rolling along, etc.

No. 95: Black Bottom

Stompie *(see over)*

Police in barrels warning

Swanage & Wareham Advertiser

With the New Year celebrations starting tonight Chief Insp Jones appealed for people to enjoy themselves but to stop and think before attacking a police officer.

Western Mail

Controversial new show to open

by Our Privacy Staff Whose Names Cannot Be Revealed

The Lincoln's Inn Fields Dramatic Society is to stage a daring new show, *Oh Calcutt!*, which will pull back the frontiers of taste and decency as they have never been pulled back before.

The aim of the show, according to its author, a well-known barrister, who has been assisted by Mr Simon Jenkins, the Editor of *The Times*, is to provide "good, clean entertainment which your

Oh Calcutt! author

wife and servants could safely be allowed to see.

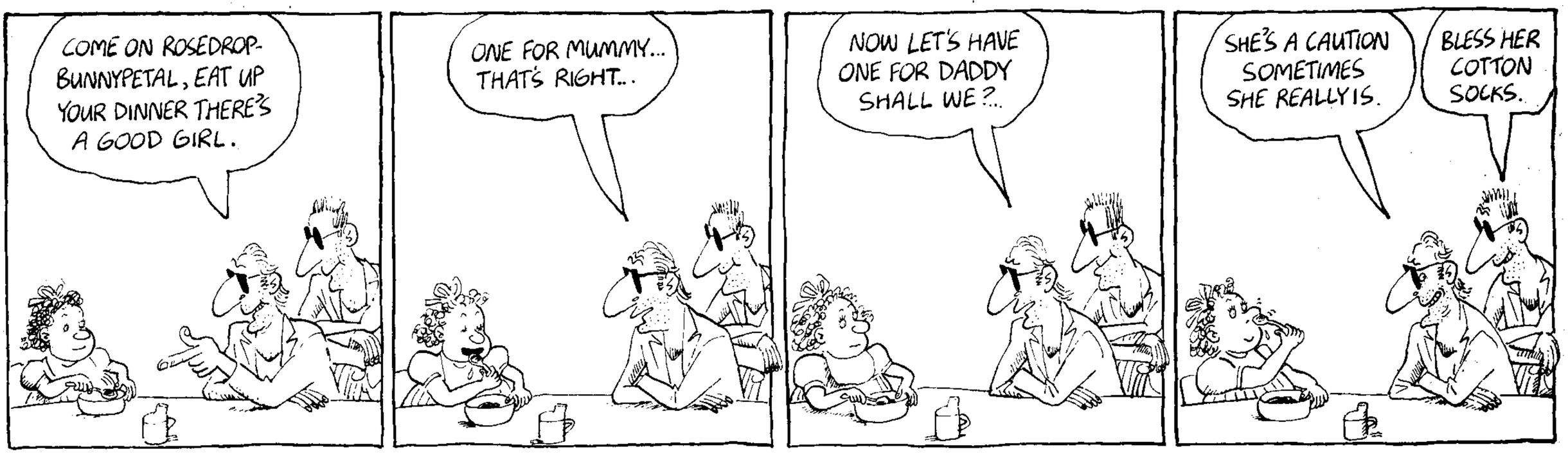
"We are trying to call a halt to all the nastiness and depravity which has become commonplace in recent years.

Here are some of the things you will not be seeing in *Oh Calcutt!*

- ***'Allo, 'Allo* Star Found In Bed With Concussion.**
- **I Was Roy Hattersley's Love-Child Says Vicar.**
- **Milkman Romeo In Robson Love Triangle.**
- **Sex-Mad Rottweiler Eats Freddie Starr.**
- **The Love Secrets Of The Cossack Count.**
- **Steffi Graf And Lord Denning — The Truth.**
- **Archbishop Habgood's Secret Nazi Fantasies.**

Great Bores Of Today.

"...he's amazing 38 years old and probably more according to some reports and they bring him on in the last bit of the game and he scores it's remarkable players half his age aren't nearly as exciting as him and the samba he does with the corner flag there's so much joy in him he was apparently in retirement somewhere and the president or someone rang him up and asked him to don the green shirt and do his stuff it's a fairy story and he's really made the World Cup it's pretty dull when he's not around win or lose he's always got a smile on his face it's so carefree he just loves playing and that's what football should b about it's a tragedy that they had to go out but in the end he will be the name we all remember you know the one I mean the bald one who comes on at the end and does the little dance..."


COME ON ROSEDROP-BUNNYPETAL, EAT UP YOUR DINNER THERE'S A GOOD GIRL.
ONE FOR MUMMY... THAT'S RIGHT..
NOW LET'S HAVE ONE FOR DADDY SHALL WE?..
SHE'S A CAUTION SOMETIMES SHE REALLY IS.
BLESS HER COTTON SOCKS.

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: There is a family meeting at Buckingham Palace to discuss plans for Granny's 90th birthday.

Now read on...

"NINETY years old!" Charles confided in a clump of bright yellow *Clarania obnoxiana* as he strolled down the Prince Albert Memorial Border that ran from the drawing room to the croquet lawn lying snugly behind the old stables. The afternoon sun blazed down on a riot of June colours.

It was something to cheer one up

when everything else seemed to be so, well, not very cheery.

Charles looked down at his arm in its sling and again regretted his attempt to backbutt a hobknob in the last chukka of the Al-Fayed cup at Cirencester. His team, Major Ron's Relief XI, had been doing so well against Hillmore Park and then he had gone and ruined it all.

He stared at the plaster cast with its loving message from his wife, "Get Well, Chazza", and the rather less touching inscription by Bunty Coker, "Polo Players do it on the ground!"

He shuddered. At least Georgie Cavendish had been dissuaded from writing in purple felt tip, "First tumble you've had for years". People could be so coarse...

But where were the rest of the family?

No sooner had he thought it than he turned to see his sister Anne striding purposefully towards him.

"Hello, Charles. First tumble you've had in years, I suppose. Ha ha. On with the business in hand.

"I thought I was going to be bloody late. I had to put my foot down on the M4. Thank God for a fast car."

Charles greeted his sister with guarded affection, for in truth he was a little wary of her forthright manner.

"I hope this won't take long," she began. "I've got to get back to the horses. Rosenthal II has strained a fetlock and the vet's coming this evening."

"I'm so sorry," Charles mumbled. "And I hear things are not sort of terribly satisfactory with your er... former... er... father-in-law..."

"What are you talking about?" Anne demanded, placing her hands firmly on her hips.

"Didn't you see in the papers? Poor Major Phillips on a drunken driving charge. It frankly was... appalling."

Anne shrugged and killed a slug expertly with the tip of her Callard & Bowser riding boot.

"Doesn't surprise me to hear it, quite frankly. And personally I couldn't give a monkey's."

Charles winced. His sister could be very unforgiving at times. He searched for some words that might soften her intransigence.

"I was reading this book last night by this explorer friend of mine. Laurens van der Post. Have you ever heard of him?"

Anne glared at her brother in silence.

"He sees all human beings as a sort of a whole thingy... a sort of unit. He says at one point 'No man is an island' — which when you think about it is very true. Don't you think we all ought to help each other at times of crisis?"

Anne turned on her heel. "I certainly do!" she laughed. "And some people I can think of need more help than others! Especially on horseback!"

Charles searched for a reply as the sound of his father's voice on the tannoy echoed through the garden. "Now hear this! All members of the family to assemble in the Blue Drawing Room pronto! Including the walking wounded". Charles blushed and amidst the laughter of all his family felt terribly alone. The tannoy continued, "First tumble he's had for years, I expect..."

"WHAT'S your poison? Good of you to drop round, sire, particularly after your prang." Major Phillips, still wearing his dressing gown although it was nearly six, stood shakily by the drinks cabinet. "You don't mind if I do?"

Charles shook his head and glanced round at the Major's disordered sitting room. The TV set flickered in the corner and an Australian man was embracing a young girl with unusual warmth. Discarded newspapers littered the floor and in the unswept fireplace piles of empty whisky bottles reached almost waist-high. The stale reek of cigar smoke made Charles feel queasy. But still he was glad he had broken his journey home to offer some form of comfort to someone who was, after all, one of the family.

"Only pal a chap's got left!" The Major turned, holding up his tumbler brimful of Rifkind's Glasgow Malt Knock-Out World Cup Special Brew (A WEE DRAM AND YE'RE BACK ON THE PLANE!). Tears rolled down his cheeks and he collapsed on the settee, displacing an elderly Hailsham Setter.

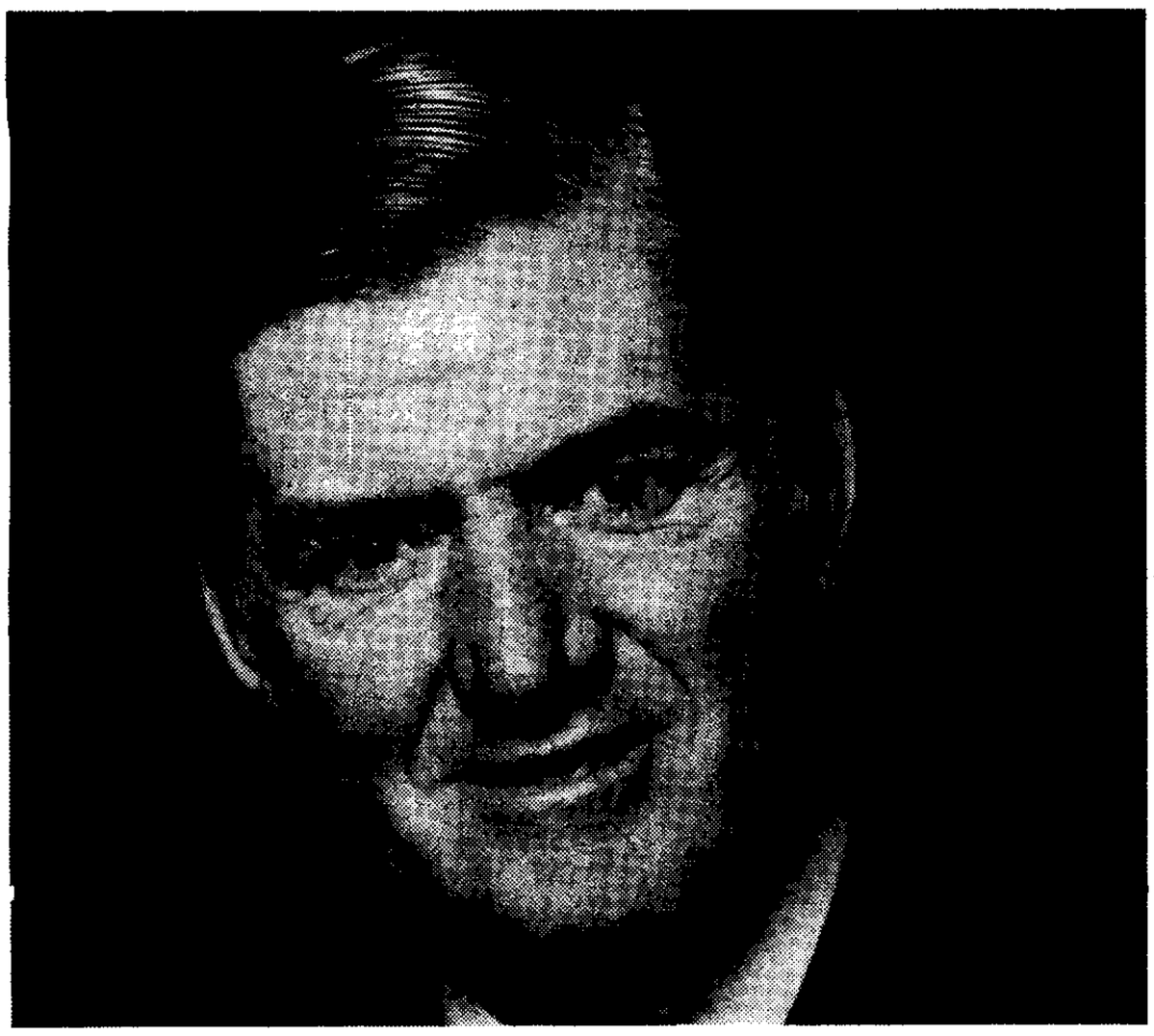
"You're a lucky feller. Beautiful wife who understands you. Delightful sister. Wonderful family." He gulped compulsively from the goblet. "Plenty of outside interests. You'll never know what it's like to sit alone in the evening — nobody there — just the old telly for company. No one understands me. I'm terribly alone...."

The words echoed into the silence.

To be continued

'PARKINSON USELESS' – it's official

by Our Nuclear Staff
Lord Fieldmarshall of Goering

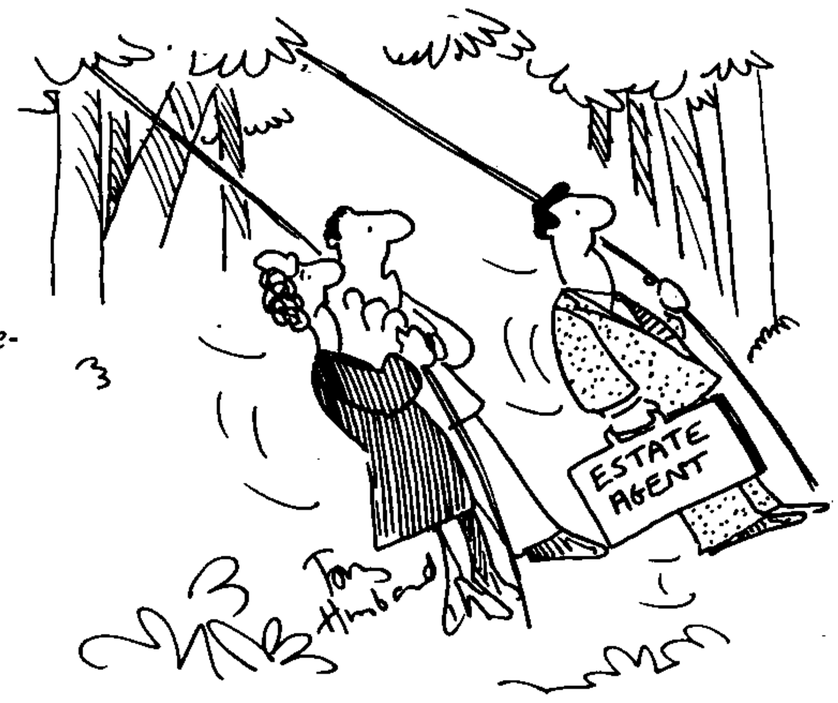


A Select Committee today officially confirmed what everybody else has been saying for years.

It found that Mr Cecil Parkinson is

- totally useless
- absolutely hopeless
- bloody awful
- should never have been given the job in the first place
- smarmy git
- er...
- that's it.

" 'scuse me. Just how far out of the way is this out-of-the-way place?"



'We were innocent' say deported Britons

by Our Man In Florence
Fra Angelica Houston

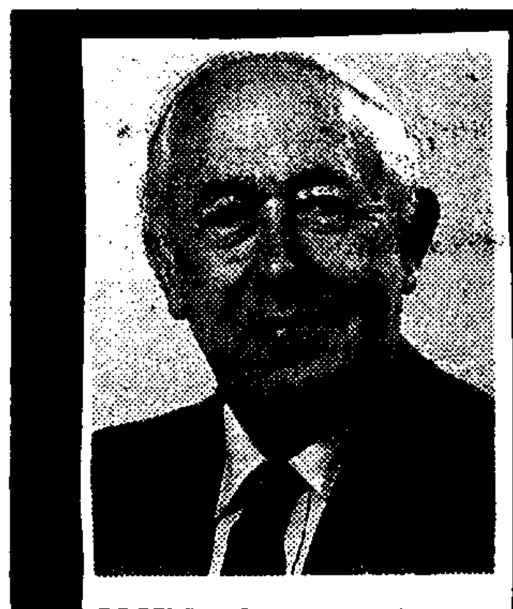
Hundreds of angry British holidaymakers were yesterday forcibly repatriated from Italy by the British Minister in the Mediterranean, Colin Moynihan.

The holidaymakers, who claimed to have been mistaken for football hooligans, were seized from villas around Tuscany by armed snatch squads of Italian policemen in a series of dawn swoops.

The so-called fans, who protested that they knew nothing about the World Cup and had only drunk three bottles of Orvieto Secco 1986 over dinner the previous evening while discussing the late air-mail of last week's *Spectator*, included Mr John Mortimer, a well-known left-wing activist, Mr Alexander Chancellor, a part-time editor, Lord Lambton, retired sex-maniac, and Sir Harold Acton, a self-styled roaring old queen *(shurely "connoisseur of the Quattrocento"? Ed).*

Said a jubilant Colin Moynihan last night: "We have got the hard-core thugs who have dragged England's name through the gutter. They are what I amusingly call 'the affluent tendency'."

Mr Denis Howell is 79.



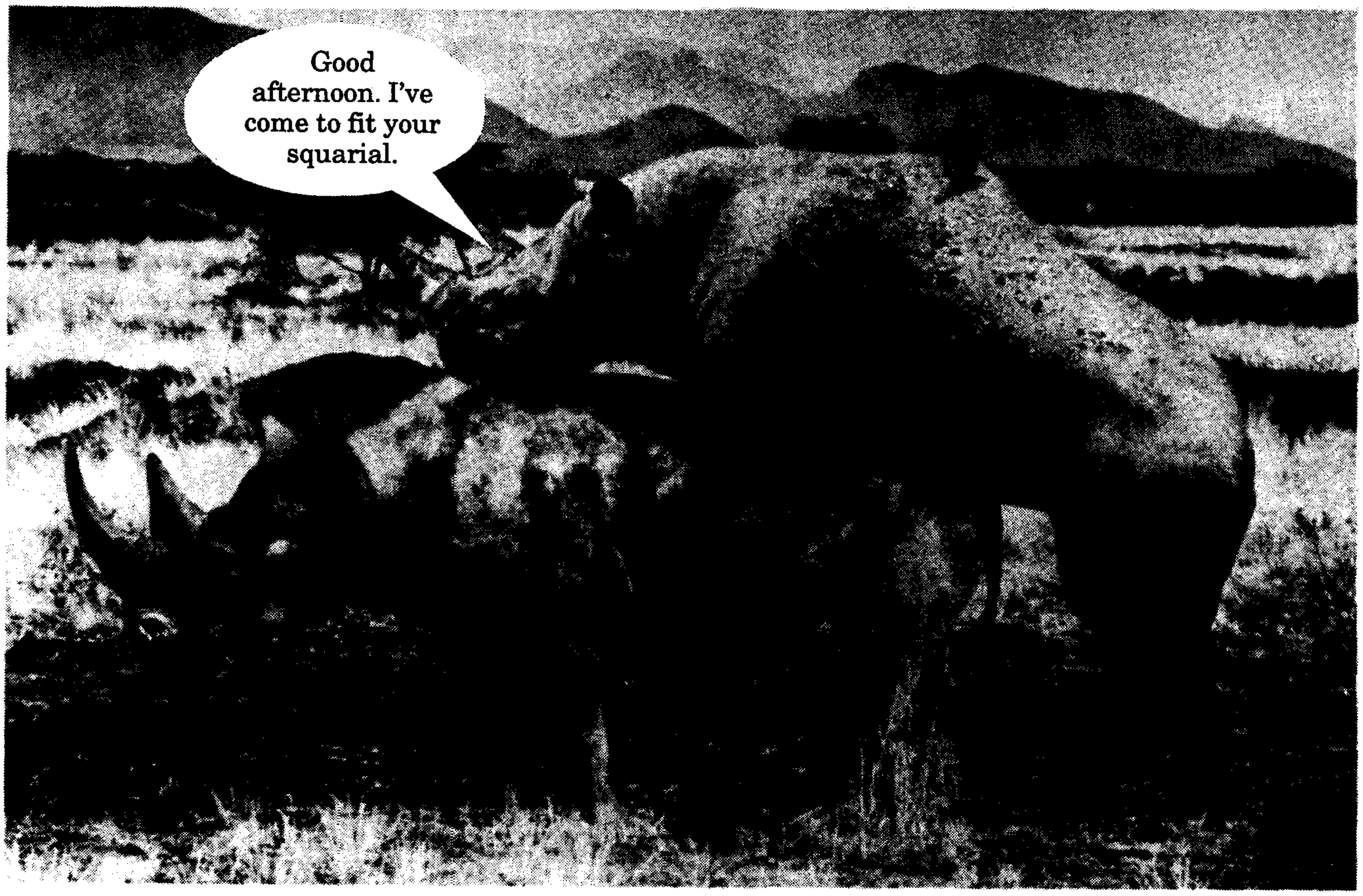
JOHN CHILES is the Conservative candidate for Tadworth and Walton Ward, where he has lived for 24 hours.

Surrey Mirror

A YOUNG lorry who killed a couple when he crashed head-on into their car starts a jail sentence today.

Evening Chronicle

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ YOU WATCH, WE HOPE ◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆



BSB the station that gives you the hump

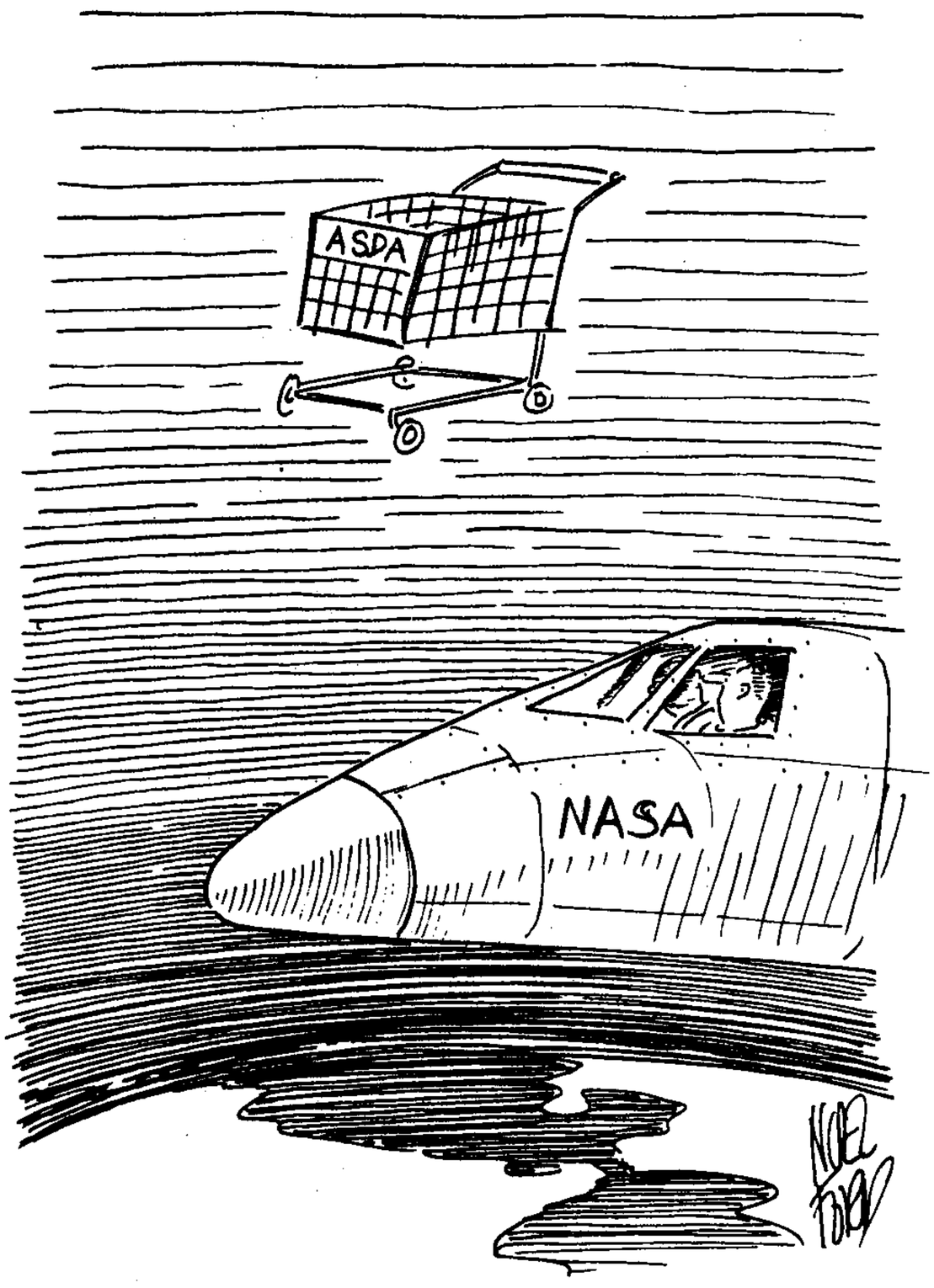
◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ 5 CHANNEL TV ◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

New from the Eye

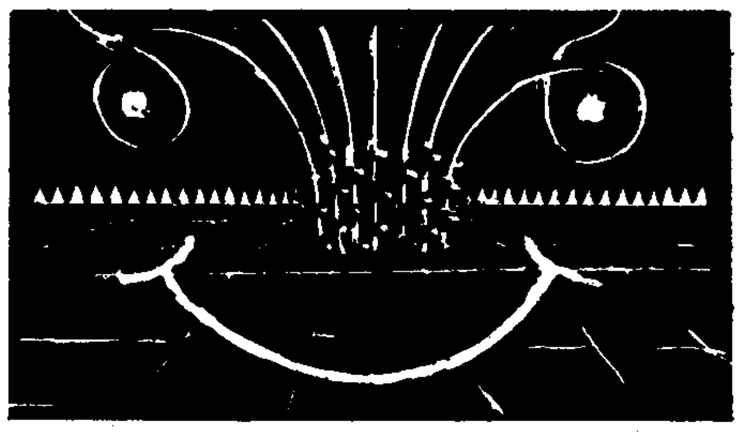
Yes, It's Wimbledon Rhyming Slang!

Duchess of Kent	**Corporate Tent**
Serve and Volley	**Drinks Trolley**
Glass of Sherry	**Des and Gerry**
Sabatini	**Dry Martini**
Sue Mott	**Not Very Hot**
Dan Maskill	**Worse than Ian McGaskill**
Quiet Please	**Huge Fees**
Large Czech	**Large Cheque**
MacEnroe	**Time To Go**
Navratilova	**Lesbian Legover**
Steffi Graf	**Not Much of a Laugh**
Strawberries and Cream	**Price is Obscene**
Boris Becker	**Pain in the Necker**
Stupid Grunt	**Line-Judge**

(That's enough slang. Ed.)



DIARY



GORE VIDAL

How very pleasant, as Henry James would doubtless have said, to be writing for one of gorgeously insignificant little England's still less significant publications. England is — how shall I put it? — a nation akin to Guatemala in importance, though with rather less sun to give one's unblemished skin that necessary bronze. Nevertheless, as Huxley might have said, nevertheless she is worth a pardonable glimpse from time to time, if only to establish that she is still there, her grotesque visage still poking gamely through the waves, before going under for ever.

Fitzgerald, poor Fitzgerald; the paltry beefcake Hemingway; demented little Faulkner; Melville, dreary, dogged, archbore Melville; I daresay there has been a greater American writer than Vidal, but if there is I have yet to wade through his work. But I not only write Vidal; unlike so many others, I read him too. I am the historian, and, even my sternest critics would argue, the inventor, of the United States of America, the chronicler of its architects, the greatest among them myself. I vast masterpieces like *Burr*, my remarkable 800-page history of the American Telephone System, I have used my — how shall I put it? — genius to transform that sprawling, divinely crumbling empire into an exquisite work of art.

Interviewers and telepersonages daily make the pilgrimage to my villa in Sancho Panza's Italy. They like to ask me, in their bewilderingly monosyllabic fashion, how I can be so sure that the United States of Oblivion, as I have with no little wit termed it (!), is fast becoming a sub-literate continent. "Tell me, my dear," I reply, if the interviewer is a man, "do you know how many copies my last novel sold in the entire USA?" I show him the sales figures, just over seventeen in hardback. "And you are claiming, I believe, madam, that this is a civilised — that is, functionally literate — nation?" Silence ensues. A nation that prefers Erich Segal to Gore Vidal will soon flutter away into nothingness, like a false eyelash placed by an indifferent hand upon the face of a sweating gentleman.

I note with interest that your dear darling Queen Mother is soon to be ninety. Truman Capote, it will be remembered, claimed to have conducted a turbulent affair with the sweet thing whilst staying with Noel Coward at Portofino in '51. It was dark, and he was under the impression she was Prince Philip, or so he claimed. But Capote was not, as Forster might have said, to be trusted. Capote claimed to have enjoyed sexual gymnastics, as one might say, with, among others, W. Somerset Maugham, J.B. Priestley, Major Ronald Ferguson, Lord Hailsham, Ray Allan and Lord Charles, William Golding, William Rees-Mogg, Nana Mouskouri, Mr Mooney from *The Lucy Show*, Leonard Nimoy, Harold Pinter, Reginald Varney and Burl Ives, but I rather wonder. If he had spent less time inventing affairs and more time moving his pen in its ineffably tiresome way across paper he might have rivalled Henry James and myself. As it is, he is dead, and can invent no more; a mercy t his readers, and a great boon to his punctuation. Truman never could master that full stop.

My wit is, as Harriet Beecher Stowe might put it, legendary. At a discreet dinner party last October, I greatly amused the assembled company of the very rich and powerful people whom I number among my acquaintances by saying, when the fruit salad was passed, "So many pineapples, my dear!" This has since entered the anthologies. Again, at a garden party thrown by senior Italian royalty last month, I caused humorous uproar by pointing to the beautifully mown lawn and saying: "A beautifully mown lawn; why, that reminds me of my old friend Nancy Reagan!" Consequently, I am often in demand on television chat shows as one of the very few American minds still ticking. I recently described President Bush as "that curious little man", your own dear Mrs Thatcher as "a woman, oh, yes, very much a woman. I'm afraid", Deng Xiao Ping as "that by no means unwizened little Chinaman", William Shakespeare as "that over-reaching punster", and Jesus Christ as "the hirsute Jewish woodworker so given to the futile gesture". It is in the spirit of the age to ignore such brilliantly pointed criticism of what those eager little sociologists call Society. This is why I remain in exile from my own land, my own people having refused me the office of Presidency on account of my cleverness.

I daresay subscribers to this naughty, smackworthy magazine will be looking forward to reading my current diagnosis of what ails your charmingly backward little third world island. I understand the powerful, and I possess a thorough understanding of current English political life, so I imagine there might be people — just one or two, forgive my irony — less qualified to prognosticate. The owners of the Disunited Kingdom, as I once waspishly termed it, will soon tire of the Woman Thatcher with her intolerable femininity. So as to promote the illusion of democracy, they will hold a General Election, and then they will install the Leader of the Labour Party, Harold Wilson, in office, with George Brown as their compliant Foreign Secretary, who will do his darnedest to push the country into the European Economic Community. This is, as Edith Wharton might have put it, only a prediction, but I am widely credited, even by my sworn enemies, for having my finger caressingly but firmly on the pulse of World Events.

Of course, my honesty does me no good with the English, who have rarely shown an inclination for the truth. England shies away from men of influence like a scullery boy from an errant hand. President Kennedy, on the other hand, knew well to listen to the great American author. "John, my dear," I whispered into his almost perfect ear on the White House balcony one sultry afternoon. "A few words of advice on how best to run the country..."

"Who let this poisonous mincing faggot in?" he replied, but he still listened with keen interest to my at times scathing diagnosis as the door slammed firmly behind me, and my influence lingers still.

"Comrades, it's new — it's socialism with an advertising agency!"

THE army was called in after a major security alert at Chesterfield's divisional police hindquarters.

Chesterfield Gazette

THE dawn of a new era in international rail travel has come a step closer.

Up to 80 passengers and 54 freight trains will run daily through the Channel Tunnel when it opens in June 1993, according to plans unveiled by the British Railways Board.

Rail News

Literary Review

An American in Paris

Simone de Beauvoir
Deirdre Bair
Cape £19.95

An American visitor once approached James Joyce in Paris saying he wanted to kiss the hand that had written *Ulysses*. "Please yourself", replied the novelist, "but remember it's done a lot of other things besides." The exchange typifies the gulf between the hordes of American culture-vultures who have traditionally descended on Paris and their recalcitrant heroes.

Most literary tourists, however, come only to gawp. Ms Bair, in contrast, comes to write biographical doorstops. Her first target was that celebrated Francophile, Sam Beckett. Now she has focused her attentions on Simone de Beauvoir, aka Mrs Jean-Paul Sartre (Monty Python), "France's No 2 Existentialist" (*Newsweek*) or simply *La Grande Sartreuse*.

For the Beckett biography, Bair had the nearest thing to cooperation anyone was likely to get from that fastidious old crow. Sam said that he would neither help nor hinder, and he was as good as his word. Beauvoir, in contrast, was much more forthcoming and gave freely of her time from 1982 up to her death in 1986.

Why? The question is particularly pertinent given that the subject had already revealed a great deal about her life in a remarkable four-volume autobiography. Why should this formidable dame help a young American to plough the same furrows — especially since she must have known that doing so would undermine the image so artfully fostered in the autobiography?

Bair's explanation is that Beauvoir welcomed the chance to talk about her life "because no one before me had proposed to write about *all* her work". Most people were interested in her only as an appendage to Sartre or a feminist precursor. "This was very important to her, of course, but she did so want people to remember her as a writer of many different genres."

A close reading of Bair's enormous (718-page) tome, however, suggests that Beauvoir may also have had other motives. One is that she wished to combat the unflattering (and unfair?) image of her propagated by her critics — not to mention the jealous harpies and groupies who had hijacked Sartre in his dotage (and who now control his literary estate). Another motive may have stemmed from the perception that cooperation represented a strategy for damage-limitation: Beauvoir must have realised that Bair's version of her life would expose significant lacunae in her own autobiographical account. The effect of such exposures might be mitigated if they were achieved with her help rather than having to be wrung from documents and the testimony of others.

Bair was a risky accomplice for such a subtle task because she seems to know little about Sartre's philosophical work — and, by implication, about Beauvoir's — and because she is one of those writers who must Tell All. Though her basic sympathy is never in doubt, in the end her portrait of Beauvoir is more devastating than anything essayed by the lady's enemies. Simone comes over as pathetically dependent on Sartre. She appears always in supporting roles — some of them indescribably menial — as amanuensis, *hausfrau*, nursemaid, *confidante*, fixer and pimp for a male who never seems to have progressed much beyond infantilism in his emotional life. Her relationship with Sartre — the famous "open marriage" in which both were supposed to be free to undertake "contingent relationships" — is portrayed by Bair as an emotional prison in which he played the field while she was always held back by the need to maintain her place in the queue of accommodating young women who jostled for a turn in his bed.

This unedifying tale is told in a breathless prose style which is by *Newsweek* out of Barbara Cartland. Bair has a compulsive need to pretend that she was *there* — from birth to death. Baby Simone's eyes, for example, "were dazzling from the moment of birth. She was a lusty, healthy baby of decided temperament who set about the business of living with a concentration that was unnerving in one so tiny." Likewise, Bair always knows what her subject is thinking. Thus Beauvoir "lay in her sickbed, poised on the verge of adulthood with no satisfactory answers. Her formal education would end in a few months, and she had to make all kinds of decisions about her future life. How tempting it was to think of finding herself suddenly the other half of a couple, with someone who would take care of her and see to all her physical needs." And so on, apparently *ad infinitum* and certainly *ad nauseam* in a chronicle which tells one everything about Beauvoir except what we really wanted to know, namely why Sartre always regarded her as his intellectual equal.

Books & Bookmen

■ *MELVYN Bragg's ridiculous new novel A Time to Dance drones on at length about the sexual images to be found in the landscape of the Lake District (see Eyes passim). "The soft round fells were breasts, the broad valleys cleavages, the deep cuts vaginas, the warm cropped turf lay back in the sun like your bare pelt waiting to be disturbed. The trees..." And so on.*

An alert reader has pointed out the remarkable similarity of Bragg's vision to that of Mr Mybug, the sex-mad novelist in Cold Comfort Farm (who was based on D.H. Lawrence). When Mr Mybug and Flora went walking in the woods, "the stems reminded Mr Mybug of phallic symbols and the buds made Mr Mybug think of nipples and virgins. Mr Mybug pointed out to Flora that he and she were walking on seeds which were germinating in the womb of the earth. He said it made him feel as if he were trampling on the body of a great brown woman... There were few occasions when he was not reminded of a pair of large breasts by the distant hills."

Mr Mybug, Flora observes, "was not really interested in anything but sex". She adds: "Many of our best minds have had the same weakness." Indeed so.

□ **UNLIKE in the States, book clubs have never been big business in the UK. In the States, booksellers are gratified when a club selects a book as a main or even alternate choice. The resultant publicity leads to customers' visiting their local bookshops and purchasing the titles in question, frequently at discounted prices, as the USA, of course, is not restricted by the net book agreement.**

In the UK book clubs have never really caught on.

Booksellers, feeble in the extreme until the arrival of Tim Waterstone a few years back, were terrified of the advent of "simultaneous" book clubs, organisations that offered members on a monthly basis new titles more or less simultaneously with their trade publication.

It has just been announced that two new book clubs are starting up in the UK offering new titles in paperback at knockdown prices, often making books available in paperback editions to members before the paperback is in the shops.

This can do nothing but increase the sale of new books in paperback, but the Booksellers' Association is having hysterics. The increasingly enfeebled Publishers' Association has complained to book club associates and Time-Life who are setting up the incipient clubs. Owing to a loophole in the book club regulations, as no one previously had envisaged a Paperback Club, there is nothing the PA can do about it.

In fact, neither club is likely to flourish, as the cost of procuring and retaining members is too great in comparison with the cheapness of paperbacks, particularly at their discounted club prices — and the two clubs will be trying to undercut each other. Besides which, since these days it is the retail end of the book trade which rules the roost, the PA will be persuaded to rewrite the book club rules.

'Bookworm'

Sizewell

The price is frightful

THE NUCLEAR lobby has turned the recent publication of the select committee on energy's report on nuclear power into a day for the jackals.

The report makes it plain that the Central Electricity Generating Board successfully misled the energy department, sycophantic politicians and conformist newspapers, as well as Inspector Frank Layfield at the Sizewell inquiry — all of whom wanted to be convinced that it was the cheapest form of energy when it was actually twice the price the CEGB said.

The villains — led by Lord Marshall of Goring, former CEGB chairman — and the gullible who believed him, immediately announced that it was all the fault of the wretched Cecil Parkinson. This deflected attention from the decision announced only two days earlier by John Wakeham, the current energy secretary, to press on regardless with building Sizewell B. The only possible explanation for this bizarre announcement is that Wakeham is repeating his performance of last summer when he insisted that nuclear power would be included in the package for privatisation even though everyone knew the City would not buy it.

He went on repeating this declaration of faith right up until his speech on 10 October to the Tory Party conference. And then, so he says, on the very next day, 11 October, and as if by magic, he received new information which enabled him to call the whole thing off. He was helped by the fact that Nigel Lawson had just resigned and the prime minister could not lose another cabinet minister.

Wakeham is a shrewd politician who learned his trade as chief whip and could well be waiting for something to turn up — such as a change of prime minister — to allow him to slide off the hook. He is claiming that the only reason for the revised cost-estimates for Sizewell is that the Government decided not to go ahead with a "family" of three other similar stations. This is a retrospective invention. The Sizewell inquiry was conducted on the assumption that one nuclear power station was under consideration. No one suggested that the overheads had been designed for sharing with others that might subsequently be granted planning permission.

For the taxpayer, who will have to subsidise Nuclear Electric in building Sizewell, there is the appalling prospect of filling in a series of blank cheques. The minister has said that building will continue and the construction companies, already bitter about his decision not to go ahead with three other pressurised water reactors and provide them with repeat orders, know that they can push up their charges as much as they like: Wakeham's reputation depends on continuing the job.

Sizewell was estimated to cost £1,691 million on 1987 prices. The figure is now £2,030 million and that has been achieved only by writing off £199 million by "more prudent accounting policies" (or "fiddling the books": note the figure of 199, and not 200, which might look too neat). A further £800 million has been "saved" by not including interest charges during construction. This brings the real present-day cost to £3,030 million, including the items which have been "excluded", until the next increase. As the select committee says: "The objectors at the Sizewell inquiry predicted the likely construction cost more accurately than the CEGB itself."

In such an atmosphere, everyone will welcome the calm advice of Sir Christopher Foster, head of the Construction Industry Group at Neddy, the National Economic Development Corporation, and therefore the nation's voice on such matters as Sizewell and the comparable disaster of Eurotunnel. He speaks with the authority of the Establishment, not only because of his Neddy job but also as director of Coopers & Lybrand, accountancy and management consultants, visiting professor of economics at the London School of Economics, former director-general of economic planning at the transport ministry, special economic adviser to the environment department and holder of numerous other appointments allocated to the great and good. He was also economic assessor to the Sizewell inquiry and the man who advised Sir Frank Layfield on economic issues. Both accepted the fiction of the CEGB and landed us in the present mess. Now Sir Christopher is telling the nation to do better and has declared: "Getting away from the old 'making money on variations to the contract' philosophy is absolutely essential". Too true.

It might soon be appropriate to hold another public inquiry, chaired by the Town and Country Planning Association, the Council for the Protection of Rural England and Friends of the Earth, to investigate how the three wise men of Sizewell — Marshall, Layfield and Foster — got it so wrong at the taxpayer's expense.

Demolition

Piss up in a brewery

READERS may recall how in January 1989 the *Eye* broke the story of the Butlers Brewery demolition scam and the association of Robin Powell, the City of Birmingham's chief demolition officer, with the contractor Pat Kelly of P.J. Murray (Haulage).

Powell subsequently went to work for Murray's as general manager; what was not then public knowledge was that on 4 January the chief executive of Birmingham council had presented the NEC/ICC committee with Price Waterhouse's report regarding overpayments on the site.

The chief executive's advice to the committee was clear: "Refer the report to the chief constable." And before the *Eye* could publish further disclosures fraud detectives led by a Detective Chief Superintendent Homer were once again plumbing the murky depths of the West Midlands construction scene.

In the months that followed Knacker's men turned over not only the city employees involved — R. Powell and F. Whitehead — but a number of local contractors as well. A report was sent to the DPP but it was decided not to prosecute.

While old Pat took this non-action as a vindication — he told hacks he was going to consult his solicitor — committee members knew only too well from the police investigation and the Price Waterhouse report that just about every rule governing the letting of council contracts had been broken. The situation was so bad that on the bottom of page 6 of its confidential report Price Waterhouse stated: "We cannot discount the possibility that misconduct or even fraud has occurred."

Despite the decision not to prosecute, the whole expensive saga will not go away. One of the matters which may yet finish up with the district auditor is P.J. Murray's final account of £66,969.83 for demolition works tendered at £4,750 and subsequently reduced to £40,000 in settlement.

The summary page of Murray's final account makes interesting reading. It comprises seven claims on top of the original quote (five of these seven "extras" are each individually more than the company's original quote). None would have stood scrutiny by a competent claims consultant, no variation orders were ever issued and it is very unlikely in construction terms that the claims were valid.

The most outrageous item is a claim for unforeseen extra floors for which Kelly presented a figure of £29,476.63 — nearly seven times the price of pulling down the entire building. How Kelly could claim they were unforeseen is a mystery: Price Waterhouse points out that Powell showed Kelly over the entire building. The floor was of course a figment of the imagination, but this did not stop Birmingham's ratepayers paying to have it demolished.

HAPPY DAYS: Pat Kelly, on the right, with a bevy of gorgeous pouting Kelmac drivers

The way the final payment to Kelly of £40,000 was arrived at is a study of municipal professionalism. Instead of being stringently negotiated with a professional quantity surveyor, it was horse traded in five figure sums by the city solicitor. Perhaps the reason for this was that the council's conduct over the contract would not stand up to the severity of such an approach.

The district auditor might like to note that Kelly was paid for his contract twice — once in its entirety and once as part of the final claim. But, as Price Waterhouse says in its report, this was just down to a failure in communication...

PS: After the brewery dust settled Kelly became involved with a development company called Kelmac which was subsequently turned into a truck dealing enterprise. Last week the trade press gave details of the demise of this latest venture, originally set up to market Hino trucks. Cork Gully is now investigating why it went bust with debts of £367,000, although it admits there was an acrimonious dispute between Kelly and his co-director Clive McNally.

The last word rests with Robin Powell, who told *Post & Mail* hacks in December 1988 that he joined P.J. Murray "for reasons of advancement".

Police

Bush fire

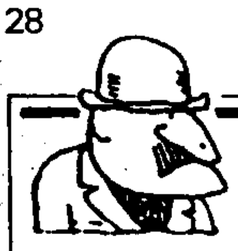
THE Metropolitan Police must be more careful about being conned by Number 10 and the Foreign and Commonwealth Office.

Any day now the Met will be submitting the report it has prepared on last November's killing in San Salvador of a mother, her fifteen year old daughter and six Jesuits, one of whom was the rector of the local Catholic university.

The report is being made at the behest of Margaret Thatcher. She desperately wants to suck up to George Bush and cling to the sort of "special relationship" she had with Ronald Reagan, and so she is happy to assist in a political cover up of the murders for the sake of Bush's client terrorist Alfredo Cristiani, president of El Salvador. In doing so, she is happy to make a fool of the Met's Detective Chief Superintendent Tony Comben headed a team of three who went out to El Salvador earlier in the year to "investigate" the killings.

The report which will be submitted to Cristiani — presumably with a straight face — will be tantamount to an investigation called for by Yitzhak Shamir and submitted to Yitzhak Shamir about why those clumsy Palestinian youths always manage to get themselves shot dead in Jerusalem by people with guns whom no one can identify.

The whole thing is an exercise in sinister clownishness. The murderous regime of President Freddy Cristiani needs no telling that its own army goons, trained in the Land of the Free, killed the eight unfortunates. Cristiani also knows that the murders were loudly applauded by his own generals and colonels and that no one important will be punished for them. Scotland Yard's role is purely decorative, a bid to con the innocents into believing that the murders are really being investigated: And the Met fell for it.



In the City

REVELATIONS regarding the share dealing activities of Dunsdale Securities reveal a perhaps not so surprising correlation between its stockbroker chums and the Stock Exchange's list of usual suspects. Names like Tony Cardoza, late of Duff Stoop, and the esteemed firm of T.C. Coombs are well known but less loved by Stock Exchange regulators. It will be surprising if other names from the list do not emerge once the Department of Trade & Industry gets into Dunsdale and the alleged dealing ring.

The role of Gareth Robertson, former Swiss Bank Corporation equities director and a friend of Dunsdale sole director Robert Miller, is also a link into that world of deals by or for the quick or the dead.

Robertson, who resigned over his dealings with Miller which cost SBC £1.1 million, is no stranger to controversy. Several years ago he departed from the Barclays Unicorn unit trust group after questions were raised — though quite satisfactorily answered — about his and the group's relationships with certain brokers. He was also a former member of the merry men at M&G, many of whom were known for their relationships with certain stockbrokers which worked to everyone's advantage.

Robertson is believed to be not entirely unknown to such market figures as Deric "White Rat" Homes, now of Douglas Le Mare. Not of course that Homes would ever be party to any share dealing naughtiness and may never have heard of Miller.

Just how smart Miller was despite his City connections is open to question, not just over his bid to "short" Reuters which went badly wrong (the act of a desperate man?) but his involvement in Eagle Trust.

It would seem that Miller may have been on the sub-underwriters' list for the equally disastrous 1987 Eagle Trust rights issue which was managed by SBC through its Savory Milln unit. That would seem to suggest that he was being used to make up the numbers rather than being put into a good thing. Whether this was to repay earlier favours or whether Miller was being taken for a ride is not yet clear.

Now that he is available perhaps former Eagle Trust chairman John Ferriday will be able to throw some light into this dark corner. Ferriday is charged in relation to the £13.5 million of Eagle Trust's own money which went to underwrite the rights issue after the market crashed and his friends, put into a supposed winner, faded away rather than take the large hit on the crashed share price.

Why, it must be wondered, if Miller were on the inside track, did Dunsdale end up being stuffed with more than one million Eagle Trust at prices far from nice? How many of these came from the rights issue? It would be surprising if these were questions Robertson as well as Ferriday were not in a position to answer.

Meanwhile it would seem that Miller himself may not be entirely unprepared to be helpful to the authorities in their quest to ascertain what — other than the obvious — happened to the Dunsdale clients' £17 million. He also knows what services he and Dunsdale provided for his stockbroker connections. Suggestions that he may be cooperating with the police are of course premature and should be disregarded as speculation.

IT IS INTRIGUING to note that Ferriday was arrested on his arrival back in Britain on a flight from Texas. Now Houston just happens to be the home of Malcolm Stockdale to whom Ferriday passed the ticking Eagle Trust parcel last year prior to the bomb concerning the missing £36 million going off. Could it be that Ferriday may have been in Houston?

Stockdale and his Iroquois Brands walked away from the Eagle Trust deal after buying but not paying for some 13 percent of Eagle Trust at a cost of around £20 million. This deal was set up by Ferriday. Among the sellers were Coast Securities and Coast Investment and Development, reportedly linked with Kuwaiti interests. The Coast companies have now sued Iroquois. Stockdale, however, is no stranger to legal actions.

THERE were after all some well timed purchases of Globe Investment Trust's 10 percent debenture ahead of the bid by the Coal Board pension funds.

In April two large purchases totalling £3 million nominal of the debentures were purchased in the name of Bank of Scotland (Stanlife) London Nominees. This is a nominee account used by the Standard Life insurance group.

At that time the debentures were selling at or around £80. But in the event of a takeover bid the debentures might have to be repaid at the par value of £100.

No doubt by entire coincidence this purchase took place just a few days before Standard Life sold its 5 percent stake in the Globe ordinary shares to the Coal Board, thereby triggering the bitterly contested takeover bid. It has since emerged that talks between Standard Life and the Coal Board or its agents had been on since as far back as possibly December.

It is also no doubt entirely coincidental that in the weeks prior to this purchase some £4 million of the Globe debentures had been sold from the Stanlife nominee account which held some £11 million nominal of the debenture issue at the time of the Globe bid.

Quite clearly what will be discovered by any investigation — should one be officially mounted — is that the sales and purchases of the Globe debentures were made in total ignorance of negotiations for the sale of the Globe equity stake. After all, that's what those famous Chinese Walls are for, isn't it?

LLOYDS BANK's little £500 million Italian problem — deposits frozen by a court order; caused by declining to accept Philippine government promissory notes issued to Hassan Zubaidi — will come as no surprise to anyone who has ever done business with this Arab conman whose PLO links may be real or as imagined as his claims to have access to multi-millions.

Lloyds was quite right and the two Italian clients together with the Italian judge who issued the court order quite wrong to see Zubaidi as being for real. Long-time *Eye* readers will recall that as long ago as 1979, when Zubaidi was operating from a Mayfair address, he was already wanted by police in West Germany and Holland who had received complaints about £1.25 million in advance fees obtained for non-existent loans. By the following year the total amount he had defrauded had risen to some £3 million with added victims here, in the US, Canada and Australia.

Zubaidi, based for most of the time in Beirut but with links to Syria and Jordan, last surfaced two years ago in connection with the supply of $134 million of worthless Indonesian promissory notes.

THE PROBLEMS for Parkfield Group stemming from the video inheritance of departed two-time loser Paul Feldman (*Eye* 736) may be far from over.

The manufacturing division is said to have lost a prestige Channel tunnel contract for castings; questions are being raised over the future prospects for the alloy car wheels business where substantial capital investment has been made but results have been disappointing; several senior executives have recently left; and there is also speculation that a large forward purchase of aluminium may have been done at a £300-£400 a ton wrong price.

Parkfield would seem to be looking to gamble its way out by greatly increasing its involvement in high risk film financing after its Feldman inspired deal for the Krays epic. Accounting policies regarding debts, losses and provisions may repay close attention in the forthcoming accounts.

A Guinness Quiz

QUESTION ONE: Whose decision was it that Ernest Saunders should give evidence?

QUESTION TWO: What was the view of his defence counsel Richard Ferguson QC on this matter?

QUESTION THREE: Will Sir David Napley be called to give his side of the highly contested events described in diametrically opposed terms by Ernest "I am the fall guy" Saunders and everyone else including rival lawyers Freshfields?

QUESTION FOUR: How does ever faithful Saunders-booster Ivan Fallon of the *Sunday Times* manage to be informed on events in Southwark Crown Court without entering Court Two?

Answers, if necessary, when legal proceedings permit.

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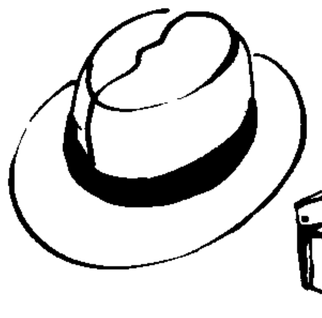

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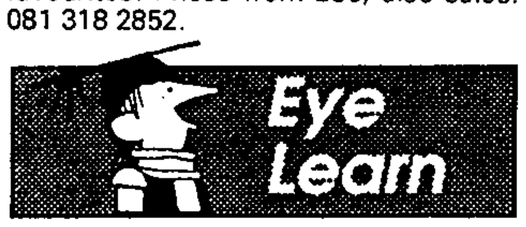

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IMPECUNIOUS AUTHOR, years of independent thinking, snubbed by establishment, needs £4,000 to publish highly original philosophy. Box 0945.

MAYDAY! Young lady aviator grounded. Needs £10,000 to get airborne again. Will pay back. Box 1045.

OCCULTIST requires £10,000. Anything legal considered. Box 1145.

DOLPHIN LOVER needs £2,500 for diving expedition to conserve Great Atlantic Barrier Reef. Information available. Thanks. Box 1245.

NEWLY-WED couple need £1,000 to keep going, please. Box 3545.

CANADIAN graduate student (Queen's), facing Canadian VAT, needs £1,150 to pay tuition and renew Eye Subscription. With thanks. Box 3645.

ONE PARENT family requests donations. Replace car necessary for 11 year old quadriplegic son. Box 2045.

TEARS. Actually want to teach. Need £9,000+ for Postgraduate training. Box 2145.

DESPERATE STUDENT needs £2,000 by September to complete final year. Please help. Box 2245.

FEMALE desperately needs £325 to reclaim saxophone from pawnshop. Can cope with other debts, but this one too urgent. Please help. Box 2345.

SINGLE MUM two toddlers. Critical financial state. Please help urgently. Box 2445.

SEWAGE WORKER from Blackpool turned organic farmer in Sellafield requires funds to join BUPA. Box 2545.

PATRONISE worthwhile me — fatidical oecist into cachinnation. Also starving. Box 2645.

GIRL NEEDS £4,000 desperately. Please can you help. Box 2745.

FEMALE GRADUATE genuinely needs £8,000 for "rehabilitation worker for visually impaired" course (includes fees and living expenses). Box 2845.

BAND destined for chart success needs pressing/recording costs. Urgent. Box 2945.

PLEASE HELP my son and me. £3,000 needed to avoid eviction. Urgent. Box 3045.

URGENTLY required £1,000 for student to fulfil filming ambition. Anything acknowledged. Thanks. Box 3145.

CCF APPEAL new offices now required, costs £82,500. All donations appreciated. Free Cancer Prevention sheet available. Donations (£5 - £30); crossed cheques made payable to D. Hall, Treasurer. Box 3245.

LADY with debt problems seeks samaritan. Box 3345.

24 YEAR OLD single mother with young baby needs financial support to do degree course. Anything considered. Box 3445.

CHAMPAGNE DAYS are needed by bubbly, attractive company director lady, 39, who needs to laugh and enjoy life more with an attractive, stylish, successful man, 35 to youngish 50, Oxon/London. Letter, phone number and photo, please. Box 3845.

WANT TO SHARE a bubble bath in Berlin? Then if you are a 25 to 35 female who does not mind being whisked around Europe by a sun-tanned, fit, 38 year old, gold-card holder, reply with photo and let us enjoy some real hectic long weekends. Box 3945.

TAUNTON bloke, 41, wants unsmoking girl to love. Write with pen, send photograph! Hong Kong citizens welcomed. No Tories. Box 4045.

IF YOU are a self-made millionaire (shy) 40-65 and want to spoil a good-looking, intelligent, noble lady early 40s, please send photograph, phone number. Box 4145.

ATTRACTIVE NS East European lady wants a very wealthy successful man for fun and good things in life. Send photo and phone number. Box 4245.

ARE YOU a lady (35/45) seeking a disciplined but caring relationship. Do you need a firm hand. If so, contact this businessman who seeks the right submissive lady with whom to enjoy life. Box 3745.

LONDON-BASED professional man (29) with sense of humour and varied conversational topics seeks intelligent, outgoing, independent and communicative female. Enjoys walks, meals, chatting and days out to escape from life's routines and usual commitments. Personality counts most but a photo would be appreciated. Tell me about yourself. Box 7341.

GATWICK-BASED man, 31 years old, 5ft 6ins tall, with a successful career now seeks beautiful, intelligent and caring woman, 25-35, to make his life complete. Photo and telephone no. appreciated. Box 4345.

MALE (22) needs female for mail. Box 4445.

BUSINESS WOMAN, attractive widowed ex-Londoner, Angus-based, seeks solvent M/F 55/65 bridging walker talkers keen to establish more congenial lifestyle. Box 4545.

BLUE-EYED attractive blonde with two moggies clinging to a rock in the Channel needs rescuing/correspondence. At home in high heels and wellies, loves travel, photo appreciated. Box 4645.

INTELLIGENT, attractive woman (37, petite, 3 children) with wide-ranging interests and informal life-style, seeks interesting unattached professional man. Hampshire. Photo if poss. Box 4745.

COMPLIANT graduate (42) seeks intelligent, witty, assertive female for occasional, no strings, evening out. London/Sussex. Photos exchanged. Box 4845.

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CHANCER'S older more cultured and perhaps because of that less aggressive protagonist virtually has it all in Sussex and beyond except lithe Victoria with the private school accent fresh from (or for) university or similar with lots of friends but never quite the right man. You don't need to go to New York just write letter or note. Photo not important but phone is. Box 4945.

ATTRACTIVE, professional male (26), seeks young, intelligent, fun female for whatever develops. Photograph appreciated. Box 5045.

QUIET, caring 34 male based in SW London seeks lively female who can administer tender, loving care and share theatre, pubs and the countryside. Box 5145.

PREFER a fire in the woods to a TV set, good company to a crowded pub, wild places to wild parties and sincerity to status? Me too. If you're in your thirties and share my hippy tendencies, then you could be my type of woman. I'm intelligent, creative, affectionate, solvent and daft. Go on, drop me a line, I'd really like to meet you. Box 5245.

NUALA – still awaiting call for champagne and afternoon delight — or evenings — or weekends. Box 5345.

INTERESTING male, 32, baffled, hurt, but known to laugh. Seeks no strings, lustful yet honest relationship with slim woman, 30-50. Absolutely no socialists or liberals. Letters accompanied with photographs appreciated. London-based. Box 5445.

INDEPENDENT single mother (38) seeks to meet sincere and affectionate guy (30-40) for caring and affectionate relationship. NE. Genuine replies only. Exchange photos. Box 5545.

INDEPENDENT, vivacious, attractive, Cotswold female, looking for interdependence with single, intelligent, decisive, loving man (50's). Enjoys music, theatre, travel, the countryside, wining and dining, and cosy evenings at home. Fulsome reply ensures positive response. Box 5645.

GOOD-LOOKING, wealthy businessman (39) dying slowly from terminal marriage seeks miracle cure. If you are in a similar situation and would like to be pampered please write with photograph if possible. Discretion assured. West Midlands/anywhere. Box 12043

ATTRACTIVE, intelligent, humorous, male, 32, seeks similar lady for damn good rogering. London/Surrey area. Box 5745.

SINGLE MALE (30) Yorks/Humberside. My main interest is classical music (esp Beethoven, Brahms, Elgar and Nielsen). Other musical interests include Richard Thompson and Keith Jarrett. Also keen on swimming and photography. I'm seeking an attractive, affectionate, romantic girl (23-33, non-smoker) to share my love of music and the finer things in life (eg, the Lake District in Autumn, fine wine or a Turner watercolour) with a view to friendship and possible long-term relationship. Photo appreciated and returned. Box 5845.

PURE LOGICIAN also lateral-thinking, very positive man, 45, seeks pure logical also lateral-thinking, very positive woman, 20+, exchange photos, exchange letters. Box 5945.

PROFESSIONAL, humorous man required for romance with winsome, young woman. Photo please. Birmingham area. Box 6045.

TWO CORRUPT, alluring, worldly damsels, early twenties, seek two dudes twenty-ish, who are easy going, slightly daft but romantic. Photo/letter. Box 8145.

ARE YOU plump, female, thoughtful? Graduate, 29, considered reasonably good-looking but quiet, seeks cuddly lady. Phone no. appreciated. Manchester area. Box 8245.

LOOKING for a little adventure to take you out of that rut? I'm 37, male, married, professional, 35 miles North of London, and looking for a discreet, fun, liaison. Write to me. Box 8345.

CLASSIC ENGLISH thoroughbred, 30 years, 19 hands, own stable, seeks filly for evening canters and possible gallop. Humberside/Lincs. Box 8445.

HE WAS perfect, tall, capable, considerate. Then I woke up. How does an attractive, intelligent woman of 27 get to meet the man of her dreams? Helpful suggestions gratefully received. Box 8545.

YOUNG ADVENTUROUS male, into gliding, sailing, diving and long lie-ins, seeks similar female 18-39. Photo appreciated. Box 8645.

EXETER, DEVON, tall, slim, attractive, professional male, 47, seeks female for friendship and fun. Box 8745.

PROFESSIONAL, male, Piscean, attractive, fishing for intelligent, shapely, humorous woman (20-35). Will you bite? Box 8845.

REFORMED BEAST says "nubile lovely female come". 30s. North West. Box 8945.

MILLIONAIRE, 39+, sought by single, feminine, lady, petite, attractive, slim, busty, well-spoken, equally happy in city or country, expensive interests, kind, loyal, placid nature, endless vitality. (Central London). Phone no. please. Discretion assured. Box 9045.

TALL, YOUNG, male seeks uninhibited diversions from rural life. Discretion assured. Photo appreciated. East Anglia. Box 9145.

IMPATIENT, impoverished youth seeks older woman for general education. London area. Box 9245.

NORTH EAST attractive mature lady needs stylish evenings out. Nice, kind men only please. Box 9345.

SPIRITED young man (24) wishes to wine and dine a lady friend in the South. Box 9445.

LIVELY LADY seeks sporty, highly educated, humorous, successful male 48 plus. London/Home Counties. Box 9545.

TALL MALE, 43, divorced, seeks attractive, intelligent lady to share life and love. West Midlands. Box 9645.

FUN LOVING, good looking, very generous businessman in his thirties finds himself unexpectedly alone after a long relationship. Looking for a good looking, sophisticated, modern lady who is perhaps not too career-minded and who wishes to be spoilt and enjoy good times in a one-to-one relationship. Recent photo and phone number appreciated. Box 11745.

SOPHISTICATED, cultured man offers introduction to the arts of love to girl who lacks only experience, not the poise and imagination to stand out from the crowd. Box 8045.

AMAZING man looking for new feminine interest in life. I am unattached, mid-40s, professional entrepreneur, rich, fit, creative, intelligent, very successful, good sense of humour (but not self-effacing!) If you are very attractive, sensual, feminine, clever with lots of joie-de-vivre and between 30 and 50, then the next 30 minutes could be the best you will ever spend — if you write (+ photo) now! You could win a fling or a life-long exciting romance. Box 11345.

MALE (ASIAN) 37 — enjoys skiing, squash, riding, cricket, theatre, cinema, wines, seeks lady with varied interests. Must have a good sense of fun and humour. London and Home Counties. Box 11645.

QUIET, kind-hearted, land-owning public school educated bachelor, 31, owns large wild garden, enjoys hill walking and travel, wishes to meet compatible, positive thinking female to share his dreams. Scotland. Box 11245.

MICHELANGELO'S David seeks his Venus. Very attractive, very intelligent, very wealthy, but not too cultured boy (40) needs truly lovely girl (20s) to share lifestyle of the Gods (Hampshire). Photo please. Box 11445.

LOOKING FOR Paul Newman/Robert Redford lookalike? Keep looking. Meanwhile, I'm a goodish-looking N/S 6'1", slim, intelligent and humorous single man (26) seeking similar girl to share romance, travel, food, cinema, conversations and summer fun. Photos appreciated, everything answered. London/SE. Box 11545.

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SLIM, ATTRACTIVE, intelligent, 35 year old widow who enjoys sport and travel seeks likewise professional male 30-45 to share fulfilling and interesting times together. Photo appreciated. East Midlands area. Box 10545.

SINGLE, PROFESSIONAL male (30) seeks love and adventure with unattached, intelligent, attractive warm female to share and care with. SE of London. Photo. Box 10645.

BLONDE, blue-eyed, very attractive, successful, professional, intelligent (35) lady divorcee with two lovely girls. Loves life, fun, dancing, travel, sport. Seeking attractive, tall, impulsive entrepreneur (28-40) unattached male — fun-loving character and sense of humour essential. Let's get together! Write with photo please. South West. Box 10745.

YOUNG MAN, 23, own flat and car N London. Very artistic and musically talented, but inexperienced, seeks preferably older lady of similar interests for a close relationship. Letter with photo please. Box 10845.

SOMEWHAT ANGLICISED gent of Indian origin, "ever-so" attractive, 22, 5'11", wishes to meet and take romantic, discernible lady to Lord's or The Oval before her season's out. Salient "Orvieto Classicos" on the menu. Photo guarantees reply. Box 10945.

PROFESSIONAL MALE graduate, 33, 5'6", needs company. I enjoy parties, theatre, sport, children (none of own) and life in general. No pressures, let's see how things develop. Photo please. Cambs, Northants, Lincs, Leics. Box 11045.

QUALITY, thoroughbred stallion, former first rank goer. Fine head, very good confirmation of shoulders and withers. Needs lively, stylish filly, similar, to encourage return to past performance. Would make good hunter. Highly recommended but not for novice. Bold/fast cross country lady ideal. Very genuine, no vices. Leicestershire/anywhere. Box 11145.

CHAP THINKS he's an extraordinarily eligible bachelor but sees wild parties giving way to sproggeting couples. This chap is a young 38, tall, educated, entertaining and good-looking, writes, flies, travels, directs, soon to retire. Reckons an early 30's graduate girl with looks, humour and style could be seriously impressed. Photo welcome. London SW. Box 10245.

ATTRACTIVE, unattached officer, seagoing type, 38, seeks intelligent financially secure lady 35-45 for fun and loving relationship, which could perhaps include breakfast. Photograph appreciated. Box 10345.

LONDON MALE, single, 36, friendly, caring, intelligent, varied interests seeks similar female. Box 10445.

PERFECTLY good woman going to waste! 5'9", sophisticated, very attractive, own teeth, 27, seeks professional, humorous, romantic, handsome man for genuine relationship. Photo please. Box 7345.

YOUNG MAN, 22, very witty, intelligent, romantic, lonely. Seeks similar young lady to share country walks, classical music, silly jokes, each other. Box 7445.

MUSIC, languages, writing. Unusual man (24) seeks profound woman (19-32) who will appreciate his intelligence and desire for love. Oxford/London. Box 7545.

MALE, 32, North-West seeks lady with patience interested in travel, mountains and meals out. Box 7645.

JOURNALIST of occasional wit seeks beautiful woman. Dominant, submissive, whatever as long as you are interesting. I am not beautiful, and interesting only on good days. Box 7745.

EX-LONDON LADY, early 40s, attractive, slim, educated, amusing, uncomplicated, seeks intelligent, personable, secure, unattached gentleman 40/50ish. Borders/Scotland/anywhere rural. Box 7845.

NORTHERN-BASED Television Producer (40s) looking for lively and intelligent woman for walking in the Dales, wining, dining, fun and friendship. A photo would be appreciated. Phone number please. Box 7945.

LIVING IN BEDS! Male, 35, single, 5'8", articulate, intelligent, professional seeks honest, loyal, friendly female, any nationality, to share mutual interests. You tell me yours, I'll reciprocate! Box 6145.

ATHENS this summer? Foreign correspondent, 35, re-released single, deprived of British humour, seeks amusing, attractive, feminine companion. Offers wine, wit, windsurfing, tennis and sunsets. Photo and phone no. guarantees reply. No faint hearts, old farts, hyenas or burly valentines. Box 6245.

MALE GRADUATE, single, 36, in danger of becoming respectable seeks a bad influence. Photo, phone number guarantees reply. Box 6345.

SEXY, shapely, tall, well-educated brunette, 25, seeks well-heeled gentleman, 30-55 for passion and friendship. Photo please. Box 6445.

LONDON MAN, 31, graduate, tall, slim, considered attractive, seeks tender, loving, caring relationship with lady (35 or younger). All letters answered. Box 6545.

UNENDURABLE pleasures, indefinitely prolonged, await she of spirited independence and demanding inclinations who seeks ecstasy with a romantically dominant, unpossessive, caring male. Box 6645.

GREEN EYES, white teeth, Scorpio, devastating sense of humour. Serious sun tan. Works very hard, 43, with all attributes, 5'9", 12 stone. Probably seeks the impossible — lady who will make him weak at the knees. Photos, etc, will elicit a serious response. Money no object. Box 6745.

SLIM, personable, discerning male professional in late forties reasonably materially provided but lacking dream girl seeks well-groomed, sophisticated soulmate/playmate. London Telephone guarantees reply. Box 6845.

SUNNY, sexy undergraduate (19) seeks an older wealthy woman. Box 6945.

WOULD YOU rather be in Edinburgh? I would. Kind N. Irishman (29) in London, high in brains, low in common-sense, would like caring Irish/Scottish girl (teacher/nurse?) to share and care with in strange English times. Box 7045.

LOVELY LADY needed to join in laughter and conversation over fine champagne breakfast with 34 year old Nottingham business entrepreneur! Box 7145.

LIVELY Cambridge Bachelor, 40s, loves music, opera, travelling. Seeks a sensual, younger female for creative friendship and whatever follows naturally. Box 7245.

Replying to a PRIVATE EYE Box Number? Address your reply to: Private Eye Smalls 6 Carlisle Street London WIV 5RG with the BOX NUMBER on the top line.

AUSTRALIENNE WANTED, preferably sporty, attractive, for love, lust, the works, by adventurous, good-looking, single, Brit male, 43. Box 9845.

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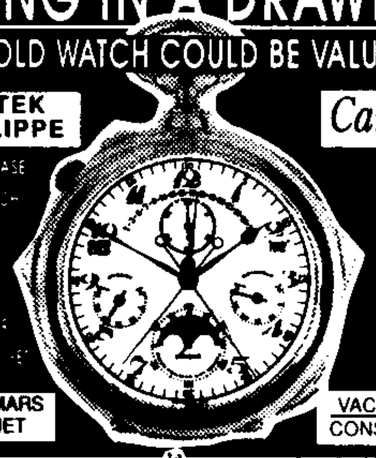

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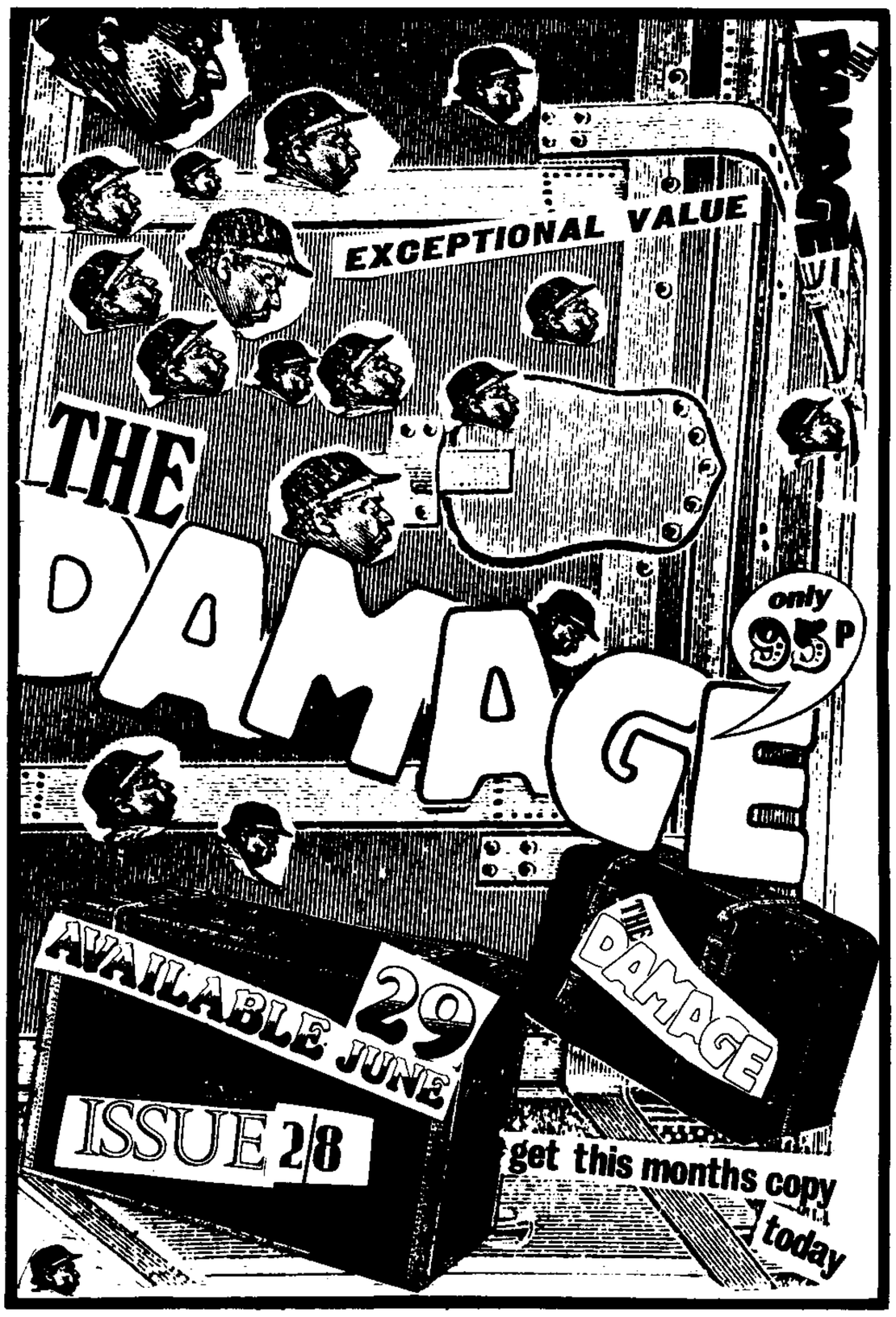

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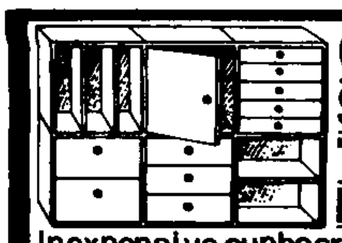

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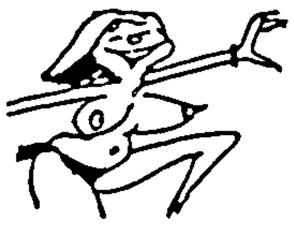

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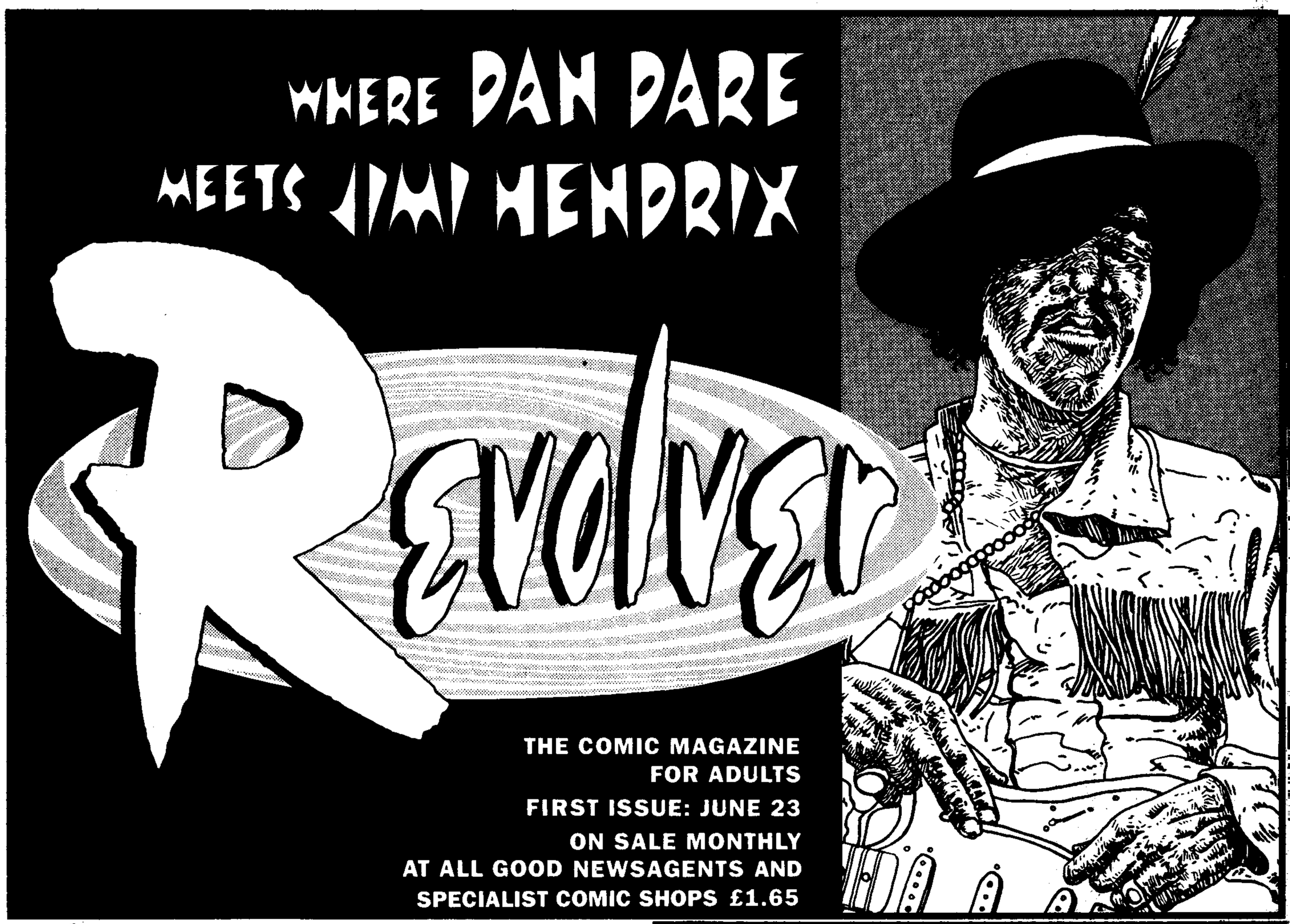

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